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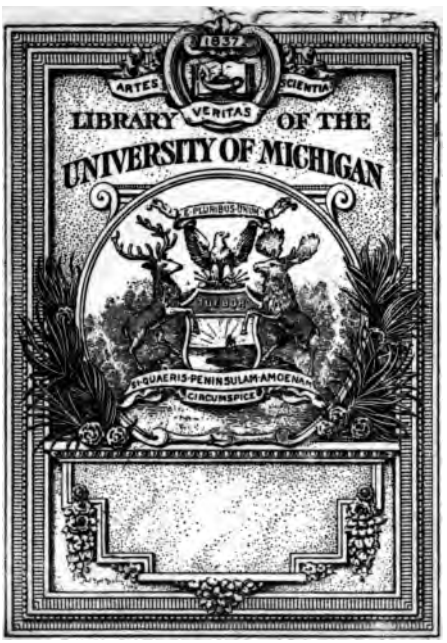
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MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT

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Mau

Duchesse de Berry.

Gontaut, Biron, Marie Josephine Louise (de Montalembert de Maubleu) duchesse de

MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT

GOUVERNANTE TO THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE DURING THE RESTORATION, 1773–1836

Translated from the French

BY MRS. J. W. DAVIS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY
1894

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

In 1853 I was at Courtalin with my excellent friends the Duc and Duchesse de Montmorency, enjoying the present, and frequently questioned concerning the past by Comte Georges Esterhazy, who had recently married my dear granddaughter, Louise de Chabot, and who desired to hear many details of my past life of which he was then ignorant. Wishing also to be able at some future day to impart what he had learned to his children, he begged me to write them down. Upon hearing this suggestion, all my friends surrounded me, even throwing themselves on their knees before me. I had not the courage to refuse these touching entreaties, and I gave my promise, though fearing even then that the undertaking would be beyond my powers.

130421

January, 1853.

TO MADAME LA COMTESSE
AND MONSIEUR LE COMTE GEORGES ESTERHAZY.

My dear Children,

You have expressed a wish to know the events of my long life, in order to be able in turn to relate them to your children. I yield to this amiable and affectionate desire; although at the same time I promise to resist the too general temptation of mercilessly inflicting upon you the trifling details of my own life. I will endeavour to recall my memories of the revolutions in which I have often been involved, in order to give interest to my recital.

One can hardly be expected to write well at eighty; but at that age one has a right to expect the indulgence of devoted friends.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Versailles and my Baptism. — Madame de Genlis and the Princes of Orléans. — Funeral of the Maréchal de Biron. — Sledging Party to Mousseaux.— Beginning of the Revolution. — Departure from Paris, Arrival at the Château du Lys, and Death of my Father. — Bagnères de Bigorre 11

CHAPTER II.

Return to Paris and Bellechasse. — Emigration. — Arrival in Holland. — Departure for England. — My Marriage. — The Prince and Princesse de Léon in London. — Visit to Lady Edward Bentinck. — Lady Charlotte Greville. — St. Pancras. — Expedition against Quiberon. — The Duc de Choiseul and the Chevalier de Montmorency. — Birth of my Daughters. — The Duc de Biron 29

CHAPTER III.

My Journey to France. — Return to England. — Monsieur in Scotland. — Departure of my Mother for Paris, and our Return to Scotland. — Windsor and King George III. — Anecdotes of the Maréchal de Biron 57

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

Departure of M. de Gontaut for France. — Cheltenham and Wellington. — Madame de Polastron. — My Mother's Return to London. — Politeness of the Prince Regent. — Interview between Monsieur and Pitt. — Masquerade and Lady Hester Stanhope. — Mr. Fulton. — Education and Portrait of my Daughters 97

CHAPTER V.

1814. — M. de Blacas. — Events of 1814. — Entry of the Comte d'Artois into Paris. — Entry of Louis XVIII. into London, and Return to France. — My Arrival at Paris. — Portrait of Adèle de Gontaut. — The King at Paris. — Fernand de Chabot. — The Ministry. — Reception at the Tuileries and Audience of the King. — Death of my Mother. — Waterloo 134

CHAPTER VI.

The White Flag. — Death of the Princesse de Léon. — Marriage of the Duc de Berry. — Marriage of Josephine. — M. de Bourbon-Busset. — I am appointed Lady-in-Waiting. — Marriage of Charlotte. — Madame de Meffray (Suzette de La Tour). — Mrs. Brown 178

MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT.

CHAPTER I.

Versailles and my Baptism. — Madame de Genlis and the Princes of Orléans. — Funeral of the Maréchal de Biron. — Sledging-Party to Mousseaux.— Beginning of the Revolution. — Departure from Paris, Arrival at the Château du Lys, and Death of my Father. — Bagnères de Bigorre.

I WAS born in Paris in 1773. My mother, Mademoiselle de Coulommiers, heiress of a good Burgundy family, was at that time a charming and accomplished girl of sixteen. My father, the Comte de Montault-Navailles, was fifty-nine at the time of his marriage. Good, honourable, and full of intelligence, his Gascon frankness and originality rendered him very popular. He had been handsome in his youth, and even in old age he still retained a remarkable air of distinction. He entered the army at the age of sixteen, went through the Seven Years' War, and returned to court covered with wounds and with laurels. After this he superintended the education of the Children of France (Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X.), being especially attached

to the person of Louis XVI., who was then Dauphin, as *menin.*

The first years of my life were passed very much like those of every only child who is loved and petted by a tender mother, and rather spoiled by an aged father; mine denied me nothing, not even a carriage of my own when I was only twelve years old.

I had a great many friends, and I was happy, very happy, in those youthful delights which we are apt to recall in after years with a sigh.

At the age of seven I was presented for baptism by His Royal Highness (Louis XVIII.) and Her Royal Highness the Comtesse de Provence in the chapel at Versailles. I wore on this occasion a *grand habit* and a *grand panier.* My excessive pride in this costume created great amusement in the apartments of the Queen, Marie Antoinette, where my mother took me after the ceremony. As my mother was a connection of the Duchesse de Polignac, she often took me to Versailles; there I used to see Madame Royale, who was younger than I, and the poor little Dauphin, a lovely and delightful child.

The Queen, wishing to give her children a little *fête,* got up a child's play, in which I was given a part. The piece chosen was "Iphigenia at Aulis." Mademoiselle de Sabran and her brother and a young Strogonof were quite perfect actors, as every one said. Armand de Polignac had a small part also. The tragedy was not exactly suited to my capacity; but in the second

piece I made quite a success, as the Chevalier de Boufflers declared in a very witty couplet composed for the occasion, and sung at the end of the performance. In this he called me "the little white mouse." From that time forward the Queen always used to call me her "little mouse," and she showered favours upon me. Mademoiselle Aménaïde d'Andlau played in both pieces, and she had a little couplet too, as pretty as she was herself.

After the play there was a supper for the children. The princes waited on us, and were greatly amused at our delight. Louis XVI. stood behind my chair for a short time, and even gave me a napkin. The Queen sent me home in her sedan chair, the footmen carried great torches, and the guards presented arms to me. All these honours might perhaps have turned my head, had it not been for the soothing and tranquillising influence of my careful mother.

A nephew of my father, the Vicomte de Valence, had married the daughter of Madame de Genlis. I have forgotten the exact date of this family event, which led to an intimacy between my mother and Madame de Genlis, and to one between me and the children of the Duc d'Orléans (Égalité), the Duc de Chartres and de Montpensier, the Comte de Beaujolais and Mademoiselle.

Madame de Genlis, with Mademoiselle, occupied a small pavilion belonging to the Convent Bellechasse, at the corner of the Rue Saint Dominique, which is still

standing. The princes were taken there every morning by an under-tutor; they took their lessons there, and did not return to the Palais Royal until evening.

It was said that the Duchesse d'Orléans was greatly grieved at seeing so little of her children.

The enthusiasm which the young princes felt for Madame de Genlis soon communicated itself to me. I felt ashamed to be behindhand in this romantic passion which they each and all tried to make manifest to her. I have seen the princes and Mademoiselle kiss the ground on which she had trodden, and I am ashamed to confess now that one day, wishing to outdo them in sentiment, I threw myself upon the easy-chair she had just left, and kissing it fervently, filled my mouth with dust, which rather cooled my ardour.

At this time Madame de Genlis was writing the "Veillées du Château," which she read aloud to us, asking our opinion with regard to it; this gave us a feeling of great importance, which, however, she took very good care to keep in check. She asked each one for his opinion. This was a critical moment; if the observations were foolish or badly expressed, she was very severe in the manifestation of her displeasure. The fear with which she inspired us at such times redoubled our desire to please her, by showing her how much we admired her.

The *gouvernante* told us one day that as a reward for their industry she intended to take the most diligent of her pupils on a tour through Paris. These excursions,

she told us, would have a great many advantages; her pupils would thus make acquaintance with the different branches of industry, and these being explained to them by the workmen themselves would not only help them to form the very essential habit of being good listeners, but would also bring them into contact with the labouring classes. Charity also would find its part in this scheme, she declared, since the princes would learn to take an interest in the miseries of those with whom they came in contact, and to try to find the means of solacing them.

This announcement was received with shouts of applause.

With some difficulty, I obtained my mother's consent to make one of this party. She thought it would be only a waste of time for me.

The excursions soon began. The first one was to Maille, where we learned to make mustard and vinegar. Some of us, full of mischief, made fun of it, thereby putting the *gouvernante* into a bad temper.

The second visit was to a manufactory of pins. Madame de Genlis declared reproachfully that the princes said nothing at all, and forbade the young girls to monopolise the conversation.

It was about this time, in the year 1788, that the Maréchal de Biron died, the colonel-general of the French Guards.

The service at his funeral, in the evening, at Notre Dame was wonderfully fine; all Paris was there. The

brilliant illumination of the whole church, the great number of troops in full uniform, the orchestra of the Opéra, and the voices of the singers gave to this ceremony a festive air which made quite a sensation in Paris. Every one was talking of it. The rumours of it penetrated even to Bellechasse; the young people were all eagerness and excitement, I among the rest. They at length obtained permission to go, and my mother also consented to allow me to accompany them. I thought the service fine, but exceedingly dismal. The streets in front of the cathedral were so narrow that it was very difficult for the large carriage, with the six horses which the princes always used, to penetrate through the crowd.

Madame de Genlis told the Duc de Chartres that he must call out often and loudly to the coachman to take the greatest care not to injure any person in the crowd. He obeyed her, but very perfunctorily; his manner was so cold and indifferent that she lost patience at last, and said rather sharply: "Are you never going to learn how to speak to the people, Monseigneur? Are you always going to be so awkward? Will you never display a spark of spirit?"

Whereupon I said, at the risk of being scolded in my turn, "Oh, come, Monseigneur, it is so easy to have spirit!"

"Easier than it seems to be for you to hold your tongue!" was the sharp reply of the *gouvernante*. Every one laughed at this, not even excepting myself.

Madame de Genlis had added to the number of the pupils who shared her instructions with the princes, her niece, Henriette de Sercey (afterwards Madame de Finguerlin, mother of Madame de Fezensac), Herminie de ——, a relative of hers, and César Ducrest, her nephew. All that was wanting now, she said to us one day, was a little English girl who could play with them, and in this way teach her language to Mademoiselle and to the princes as well.

The Chevalier de Grave, the first equerry of the Duc d'Orléans, was just on the point of starting for England, and he was requested to find and bring back with him this marvel. He promised to do so, and kept his word, bringing with him, some time after, on his return from London, besides his horses, a charming little girl who did not understand a word of French. Madame de Genlis had promised to provide for the future of this child, on condition that she should never be asked to give her up. We showered caresses and bonbons upon her; we asked her her name — it was a very common one, Pamela; — but this was not enough. We wanted a family name as well, and we finally settled upon Seymour. The ambitious little creature wished to add to it the title of "lady." Every one was amused by this evidence of pride in a child of eight years, and when we played together we always called her "Milady."

Many years after, Pamela married Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in the very height of the Revolution. Pamela and her husband adopted the most democratic ideas.

It was even said that she was married in a red liberty cap. Lord Edward had formed the extravagant project of succouring Ireland and of establishing a free government there. He found volunteers in the neighbouring countries, who under his command made a descent upon Ireland. He was captured, and, making a vigorous resistance, was wounded in the struggle, and died of his wound two days afterwards.

Lady Edward succeeded in making her escape. In her childhood and her early youth she had been good and charming: we will throw a veil over her later years.

The Revolution was approaching. People began to speak of their fears, and to foresee dangers which I was very far from comprehending.

The winter of 1789 was very cold; the streets were full of snow. At Bellechasse they were planning a sledging-party, and Mademoiselle proposed to give me a seat in her sledge, which was to be driven by the Duc d'Orléans, her father. The plan was to have a children's dinner at Mousseaux, with blind-man's-buff afterwards. I looked forward with great delight to this *fête*. Except for the indulgence of my father, who was perhaps a little too weak where I was concerned, I could not have gained the consent of my mother, who was not invited.

We had a delightful day. After dinner Madame de Genlis withdrew into the apartments of the château with the Duc d'Orléans, leaving us in the charge of the tutors, the masters, and various persons of the princes' house-

hold, among others the Marquis de La Valette, father of Madame de Juigné. Although he was young then, he constituted himself our mentor; and his perfect manners and air of distinction rendered him worthy to play the part. The Duc d'Orléans often intrusted the young princes to his care, and he frequently rode on horseback with them.

At the very height of our game of blind-man's-buff a *chasseur* came to announce the moment of departure, to the vexation of every one. We called a council, and it was decided that I should head a deputation, accompanied by M. de La Valette, to beg for an hour's grace from Madame de Genlis. There were a great many salons to traverse, but we turned our steps towards the one where we heard many voices. I was so frightened that when I entered the room and found myself in a group of men, I could not see Madame de Genlis anywhere. She had seen me, however. The Duc d'Orléans, perceiving my embarrassment, took me by the hand and led me up to her. I executed my commission very awkwardly, for her evident displeasure quite completed my confusion. She granted the favour I had come to ask, but very reluctantly. The only face I knew in the whole assembly was that of the Duc de Biron, whom I had sometimes seen calling on my mother. He spoke kindly to me, and tried to reassure me. At that moment he was talking earnestly with a stout and very ugly man who paid me a great many compliments. I saw him afterwards at Versailles, at a dinner at M. de Saint

Priest's, a cousin of my mother, then minister to the King. I can recall his face now, which I thought excessively disagreeable, — it was M. de Mirabeau.

On the 10th of July a little comedy was enacted at St. Leu to celebrate the *fête*-day of Madame de Genlis, and we were urged to be present. My mother and I went with the elder Comtesse de Gontaut. Every one seemed agitated, and my mother grew very uneasy. The Duc d'Orléans, who was expected, did not come. During the evening some one told my mother in a low tone that fighting was going on at Paris. She insisted upon going home at once, as did also the Comtesse de Gontaut, who was very anxious about her son, the Marquis de St. Blancard, then captain of the French Guards. Madame de Genlis made light of their fears, but all her arguments failed to detain us. When we reached the Rue Royale, we found it very difficult to get into the house, the crowd was so great. The regiment of Berchiny hussars was keeping off the multitude, which was trying to get into the Tuileries. In the struggle a man was killed on the Pont Tournant. The tumult was not quieted till well on into the night. The French Guards began to join the insurgents, abandoned their barracks, and turned against their officers, who were obliged to fly. M. de St. Blancard, being pursued, took refuge with my mother at the very moment of her return from St. Leu.

The next day was horrible. We saw the French Guards rushing from the boulevards into the Rue

Royale, with crowds of people, shouting, dancing, and walking arm in arm with women disguised as nuns; men dressed like Capuchin monks were carrying off by force trembling women, and all were shouting and singing, "*Les aristocrates à la lanterne*," etc.

These brigands came from the Faubourg Saint Antoine, where they had already burned and plundered the Réveillon house.

This mob stopped in front of our house, and broke open the door of the *Garde-Meuble* belonging to the Crown, to find arms for themselves. After an hour spent in pillage, the priests, women, soldiers, and nuns all came out loaded with booty, and in a state of excitement and intoxication frightful to witness. We thought we were lost. My father, determined to defend us as long as possible, had barricaded the doors and windows. Three carriages were drawn up before the *porte-cochère*, which was defended by three of our men armed and almost beside themselves with rage and indignation, while my father stood at the head of the stairs with a pistol in each hand, having placed me behind him, determined to die in our defence. I never was so frightened in my life.

Two days after this, we went to Versailles with my father, who, notwithstanding his age, wished to offer his services to the King.

In order to give you some idea of the exasperation of the people at this time, I will mention that a *chasseur* wearing the livery of the Comte d'Artois, and

bringing a note for my mother, was attacked, beaten, and had nearly all his clothes torn off in the Place Louis XV.; he was able to bring only a fragment of the letter with which he was charged.

My mother went to Versailles the next day to ask for an explanation of this letter. The Comte d'Artois, knowing my father's excitable temperament and his devotion to the cause of royalty, and knowing also our anxiety about him, advised us to take a little journey to divert his mind, and calm a zeal which might lead to imprudence. This advice was taken. My mother mentioned it to one of her friends, Madame de Montesson, who was herself going away to spend some time in the beautiful château of Berny, which belonged to her. She proposed that my mother should accompany her thither, taking me with her, and that my father should come there to meet us on his way to the South, whither he had consented to repair.

Every one knows that Madame de Montesson had been privately married to the Duc d'Orléans, the father of Égalité. She was always treated like a princess, and had a beautiful house in the Rue Grange-Batelière; the Orléans livery and the arms of that royal branch were added to her own. She was very amiable, sweet, and good, and her house was always agreeable, as she gathered about her a select and brilliant social circle.

We left Paris in a carriage and pair, with an outrider

in livery going before, — a singular incognito, for when we got as far as St. Roch, the people surrounded us, stopped the carriage, and forced us to get out on the steps of the church, while they searched the carriage, hoping to discover treasures in it. After an hour of vain search they allowed us to resume our seats again, and return to the Hôtel de Montesson. I was greatly surprised and shocked to see among the crowd which was attacking us my old nurse, who lived on a pension which my mother allowed her, and whose ingratitude was such that she added, to the injuries we were undergoing, the gross insult of a gesture which I cannot describe.

After this attempt at departure, it was decided that we should prudently wait until the popular excitement should have subsided a little; and some time after we started in a berlin with our servants, lady's maids, etc., and arrived, without the smallest adventure, at the place of meeting appointed by my father, which was that of his birth.

There still stands near Nérac a large manor of ancient date, called the Château du Lys. This was my father's birthplace. At this time his elder brother was no longer living, but he had left a son, who in 1790 had twelve children, — eight sons and four daughters. Our arrival at the Lys was like a scene in the Middle Ages. They were expecting us. The peasants were drawn up in a line to receive us. Then came the eight sons of the lord of the manor, with their hats in their hands;

after them, and in the place of honour, eight soldiers who had followed my father through the Seven Years' War. We could see under their white hair the traces of their honourable scars.

The great carriage, having passed over the old bridge, crossed the broad moat and stopped beneath a gloomy archway. The women and the young girls were there, and the *châtelaine* with her children beside her.

My father's emotion had infected us also, and his first words brought tears to my mother's eyes and to my own. "Draw near, my old comrades," he said to the old soldiers; "I have come here to die beside you. I can do no more for our King!"

This château had a reputation for beauty in that part of the world, but I thought it very dismal when I first saw it. The six horses with the great berlin could not turn in the square court, shut in by the high towers, whose windows, small and far apart as they were, looked to me like those of a prison. I had never seen any château but that of Versailles, and no walls except those of Paris. But I soon became so accustomed to the ancient customs which were kept up in this old manor, and learned so greatly to appreciate the simplicity and goodness of this admirable family, that I grew very fond of them. I recovered my gaiety, and was so happy at the Lys that for a whole year the successive phases of the Revolution made only a fleeting impression upon me.

My father was greatly esteemed throughout the whole

province, and people flocked in from all sides to manifest their respect for his noble character. But, unhappily, neither these evidences of esteem, nor the touching care of my mother, nor my own tenderness sufficed to restore him. The wound to his heart had gone too deep. He trembled for his princes; their ever-increasing danger had produced an impression upon him which, to our infinite sorrow, proved fatal.

Before the Revolution my father, notwithstanding his age, had been strong and active. Since then he had failed perceptibly. Finally, he succumbed to a slight cold, and died at the age of seventy-two. I can still recall my feelings at this frightful misfortune, the first that had ever befallen me. What a cruel moment was that in which, borne by his old companions in arms, he was laid away in the chapel of the château, his last resting-place! I felt as if I should die. My mother was inconsolable. The whole family was in tears. The year passed sadly away for us all. My mother's health was greatly broken. They ordered baths for her, and the following spring we went to Bagnères de Bigorre, where the De Gontaut family were staying, who had urged my mother to join them.

The Marquise de Gontaut was greatly beloved by every one. She collected about her a large circle of friends. She was good, sweet, gentle, and very anxious to please her family, who adored her; she had an original and candid mind, and was a *grande dame* such as we no longer see. She accepted homage without being

proud of it, and never exacted it; it was consequently lavished upon her as if it were her due. At Bagnères they called her the " mother of the poor," and she was worthy of the name.

As for me, I loved her with all my heart and soul.

Among the visitors at the baths was the Duchesse de Fleury, a daughter of the Comte de Coigny. It would be impossible to find any one more fascinating than she was, both through her personal grace and her intellectual charms.

I was then about sixteen years old: it is the age for enthusiastic devotion, and that with which she inspired me was very great. She treated me as if I were quite grown up, and I was very proud of it.

It was during our sojourn at Bagnères that the festival of the Federation took place at Paris on the 14th of July, — that fatal anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, — and was celebrated in the Champs de Mars with a military and religious pomp and a regal display which seemed intended chiefly for the triumph of M. de Lafayette. Although really appointed by the King, one would have thought his major-generalship had been conferred upon him by the Federation rather than by royalty.

Our correspondents in Paris, fearing the effects of all these troubles in the provinces, advised all those persons who had filled civil or military posts to leave the country as soon as possible. The Marquis de Gontaut, his brother, the Marquis de St. Blancard, the Marquis

de La Valette, the Duc de Fleury, and several others therefore planned a little excursion into Spain. They urged us to join their party. The Duchesse de Fleury, her daughter, Madame Guibert, and several other ladies who were staying at the baths, accompanied us.

The French people have an inexhaustible fund of gaiety, which at this period had not been chilled by great misfortunes. Nothing could be more delightful than this sort of caravan crossing the mountains on horseback, on mules, and in litters. My mother and I rode the same mule; I, being the lighter, was placed on the side nearest the precipices; but I found it more enjoyable than terrifying.

We went to Barèges by the Tour-Malet. It was here that I enjoyed for the first time the spectacle of a storm beneath my feet, during which a bright sun seemed struggling with the lightning and thunder-clouds. We visited Cauterets and the waterfalls, the valley of Luz, and finally the magnificent amphitheatre of Gavarnie, commanded by the celebrated pass of Roland. It was here that we crossed the Pyrenees, and at the first Spanish town we took the carriages of the country.

At last we reached Pampeluña, just as a bull-fight was going on. I will spare you the description of it, my dear children; your sojourn in Spain has taught you to appreciate it.

I must confess that, like you, in spite of the horror I experienced at seeing it for the first time, I soon felt a great and indefinable interest in it. In spite of the pity

which one feels for the *toreadors* and the frightful condition of the horses, one ends by heartily entering into the noisy and barbarous delight which is excited by the magic of the spectacle and the success of the actors.

Our journey lasted three weeks, and we came back to Pau through Bayonne. It was there that the whole Gontaut family was established in the charming house that you know. My sister-in-law was never tired of the beautiful view of the mountains which she had in that delightful situation.

CHAPTER II.

Return to Paris and Bellechasse. — Emigration. — Arrival in Holland. — Departure for England. — My Marriage. — The Prince and Princesse de Léon in London. — Visit to Lady Edward Bentinck. — Lady Charlotte Greville. — St. Pancras. — Expedition against Quiberon. — The Duc de Choiseul and the Chevalier de Montmorency.— Birth of my Daughters.— The Duc de Biron.

TOWARDS the end of this year my mother was obliged to return to Paris on business connected with the settlement of my father's estate. She went with great reluctance. I had received several very kind letters from Mademoiselle d'Orléans, urging me to come back. I was greatly pleased at this, and was eager to see her again. But my mother displayed an extraordinary coldness and reserve towards the inmates of Bellechasse, the reason for which I was too young to understand. They always welcomed me so cordially there that I had naturally a great desire to go often; but I was not allowed to do so.

When we first returned to Paris, Mademoiselle had written to invite me to a very small dance. It was not easy to refuse every invitation, and my mother finally consented to take me to this ball; though it was so entirely against her inclination that she would not allow

me to make much of a toilette, intending to slip away as soon as she possibly could.

As we entered the pavilion of Bellechasse my mother saw the Duc d'Orléans at the head of the stairs conversing with some personage whose name I have forgotten, but the very sight of whom made an extremely painful impression upon my poor mother. We entered the salon. Madame de Genlis was there, her hair without powder, though it was still the fashion to wear it; she wore a most extraordinary costume, composed of the three revolutionary colours, and her face was greatly changed, and seemed to have entirely lost its habitual charm. Dancing was going on, and I am sorry to say the orchestra was playing the air, "*Ah! ça ira*," etc. They had made this horrible refrain, which was then being sung all over Paris, into a contra-dance. The Duc de Chartres asked me to dance, but my mother would not permit it. This refusal made a great sensation among those present, and my mother perceived it. "Oh, Josephine," she said to me, "you were so eager to come, and now I reproach myself for having been so weak as to yield to you."

The little princes perceived how disturbed I was at my mother's vexation, and they talked about it together in a low voice. My mother was suffering tortures. I perceived this, and urged her to plead indisposition and go home. She did so, and we left Bellechasse, never to return to it again.

We had hardly reached home when my mother took

counsel with her relatives and friends as to what had just occurred.

It was then that I first began to understand the evil results which this evening might have for my mother. She had not been able to conceal her indignation on account of that fatal contra-dance and the offensive remarks she had heard on the squeamishness of these aristocrats, — remarks which had caused her hasty departure.

My dear timid grandmother trembled for her daughter. She urged her to leave Paris as soon as possible. My mother then intrusted her property to M. Durvet, a banker of the court who was devoted to our family. She only took a small sum with her, hoping to be able to return very shortly, and we set out for Switzerland. We went afterwards to Aix-la-Chapelle, where we found a great number of our old acquaintances, among others the Comtesse Diane, sister-in-law of the Duchesse de Polignac. We learned that the Comte d'Artois was at Coblentz, where the Elector of Trèves had given him an asylum in the palace of Schaunbaryslust; that Monsieur was also expected there; and that they would be glad to have the French *émigrés* join them, in order to unite with the Prince de Condé, who was trying to collect an army of volunteers, of which he was to take command.

At the same time my mother received a message from the Comte de Provence which decided her to go to Coblentz.

I found our life there very agreeable. Young and old, all were equally full of hope and of illusions; the visits of the princes of the different countries, among others of the Duke of Brunswick and the Prince of Prussia, naturally created a good deal of gaiety. We met every week at the palace of the Elector.

It will be easy for me to give you some idea of the confidence we felt in the armies by which we were surrounded. In order to do so, I will quote a fragment from the Memoirs of Louis XVIII., who confesses to having shared this confidence as entirely and as foolishly as the rest of the *émigrés*.

The following is from a letter which the Prince received from Paris: —

"Everything is going on as well as possible; the declaration of war has saved you; one more strong effort, and you will complete the great work which has been begun. Within two months the allied armies will make it possible for you to finish the season at Brunoy," etc.

The Duke of Brunswick himself spoke of this expedition with incredible flippancy. "Monseigneur," he said, "I am sorry to say that we shall have absolutely no difficulties to overcome. I could have wished, for the general good, that the allies might encounter a little resistance, for the French ought to receive such a lesson as they will never forget."

Monsieur was offended by this speech, and alluding to the reverses of Brunswick under Louis XV., he replied: "Take care, Prince, that you do not fall into a trap

unawares; I am sure the French will fight; and you must remember that they have not always been beaten."

Shortly after this the Prussians attacked Thionville, on August 24, 1792, and were completely routed. Several other disastrous battles took place, among them that of Valmy. The campaign in Champagne was ended by the retreat of the army beyond the Rhine and into the Netherlands. The army of the Princes was disbanded, and all that remained was that portion commanded by the Prince de Condé.

I will return now to my personal affairs. I have tried to justify the illusions with which we were pleasing ourselves at Coblentz; they rested on the plans for the escape of the royal family, — which were discussed openly and imprudently. A trustworthy person, sent by M. Durvet to my mother, brought her a bit of tape which had been sewn inside a lining, on which these words were written: —

"Will you give your sanction to *the loan of a part* of the fortune which you placed in my hands? It will be returned to you by one whom you love, when you are reunited, which will be soon, I hope. Answer in the same manner."

"Yes, a hundred times, yes!" was my mother's reply.

But, alas! the arrest of the King at Varennes rendered this sacrifice useless. This portion of our fortune had been necessary to complete the amount desired by the royal family for carrying out the plan of escape; but it was seized at the moment of that criminal arrest.

When we were at Bagnères and at Pau the preceding year, the subject of my marriage with M. de St. Blancard had been discussed. My mother, who was deeply attached to the family, had gladly given her consent, but wished to postpone the marriage until France should be restored to tranquillity.

M. de St. Blancard was at Coblentz, serving in the army of the Princes. He knew how devoted my mother was to the royal cause, and was noble enough to honour her for it.

When the army of the Princes began to move towards France by way of Thionville, women were permitted to follow it.

Every one took advantage of this permission. The roads were crowded with equipages, and the Parisian elegance, and the confidence of success which everyone felt, made the journey delightful. We all separated gaily, expecting to meet soon in Paris itself.

A certain young M. de Quinsonnas had a little treasure which he dared not expose to the dangers of war. He looked about him for some one to whom to intrust it. Every one seemed young and frivolous, until at last he met an old lady, the wife of the oldest *cordon rouge*.

"I could not find a better person," he said to himself, and he intrusted his precious purse to this venerable dame. The old lady vowed that she would *never part with it*, and would restore it to him at Paris.

After the defeat, he sought for the old lady, and at

last he found her. She started back when she saw him.

"What!" she cried, "you are not dead?"

"Oh, my purse!" he exclaimed in terror.

"Oh, here is your purse!" replied the old lady, "but there is very little left in it."

In the disasters which followed this period, I often heard people say, sometimes with a smile, "There is very little left in it."

We had now entèred upon a new era of vicissitudes, of privations, and of sacrifices, which resignation to the will of God, and my love for my mother, alone gave me strength to endure.

When the armies began to retreat we were at Luxembourg, where the sound of the cannon at Thionville kept up our hopes. But the disorder of the retreat was horrible. We found ourselves surrounded by the troops which thronged the roads.

We were obliged to go at a snail's pace; the wounded soldiers mounted into the carriage and crowded the imperial. At the close of each of these wretched days we had to seek shelter for the night; then a barn or a pile of hay was a subject of dispute; and when a distant spire had given us some hope of shelter, it was hard to find, on reaching the gates of the town, that placards had been put up, announcing that "No Jews or *émigrés* are admitted here."

To give you some idea of our position, I will relate here a little episode which, for the moment, aroused all

our French gaiety in the midst of the general gloom of this terrible journey.

A spacious barn, filled with clean straw, had given us hopes of a good night's rest. The Duchesse de Guiche, Mesdames de Poulpry, Delage, etc., together with my mother and myself, had lain down in rows along the wall. A *chasseur* of the Duchesse de Guiche, sword in hand, was stationed at the door as our guard.

In the middle of the night we were aroused from our slumbers by repeated knockings and by a woman's voice demanding to be let in. "Open the door!" she kept calling; "it is I!" The door was opened, and Madame de Calonne, wife of the Minister, entered in gorgeous array, powdered, puffed, and rouged, with long train, panier, and high-heeled shoes.

"Where are the apartments?" she exclaimed, as she looked round her in dismay. "Why, what is this? A hospital? Women lying here in the hay? an armed man? *Holà*, where are all my servants? Bring lights here quick! bring torches!"

The servants came running in. The barn was suddenly illuminated, and then her exclamations redoubled.

"Where am I? What *is* this place? What is that hanging on the wall?"

At this question we all looked round, and then for the first time discovered twenty-four sheep hanging on the wall, skinned and dressed all ready for the next day's market. By this time we had recognised each other, and we began to laugh. She, poor woman, was only just at

the beginning of her troubles. It began to dawn upon her, however, from the position in which she found us, to what she might have to resign herself; and, like ourselves, she succeeded in meeting her fate with courage.

Amidst a thousand difficulties and privations of all kinds consequent upon this great movement of troops, we at last managed to reach Mayence. Here we rested for several days. As the Prussians intended to take another route, we hoped to have less difficulty in reaching Coblentz.

While we were still at Mayence, my mother found an opportunity to send letters to my grandmother, indicating those persons whom our business agents could trust to transmit to us the funds of which we were so greatly in need. But the French advanced so rapidly that we could not wait for the reply we so ardently desired. We were obliged to sell our diamonds, other jewels, carriages, etc., to those merciless Jews, who took every advantage of our situation.

The orders to evacuate the city being positive, we turned our faces towards Coblentz. We found this city in a state of great uproar, expecting the arrival of the French troops. The fortress of Ehrenbreitstein had already been attacked, and we were obliged to continue our flight. The danger was great; the shells thrown into the fortress were falling all around the light skiff by means of which we were trying to escape from this dangerous place. As soon as we could, we got ashore and hired some carts, and in this deplorable condition

we at last reached Rotterdam, hoping to find there letters from our relations. But what a cruel announcement was awaiting us! The death of the King! And the list of executions, in which we found the name of the brother of my grandmother, and also that of my mother's own brother!

When she read this, my mother had a nervous attack, followed by such excessive prostration that I feared for her life. What a frightful position we were in! Alone, cut off from all our friends, and winter approaching! And what a winter! There were already frightful inundations. We could not get out on the little canal which ran past our door, except through the window.

My mother was quite overwhelmed, and I felt almost crushed myself; but God in His goodness sustained me, and I felt that I must summon all my courage, in order to help and support my mother.

A merchant to whom a distinguished citizen of Coblentz had recommended us, often came to see us. I am sure he felt compassion for us. One day I told him how desirous I was of turning to some account the lessons I had received in my early youth. He had considerable taste, and he tried to direct mine, suggesting that I should paint on stone or on ivory. I took some lessons, and hoped I might be able to supply my mother and myself with the means of subsistence when our resources should be exhausted. I worked very hard, and looked forward without anxiety to the time when I might hope to be useful to my dear mother.

That fatal winter of '93 favoured the advance of the French troops as far even as Holland. The ice in the canals was so solid that the cannon and wagons could be taken across with ease, and the approach of the army created great consternation.

After the defeat of the army of the Princes, M. de St. Blancard was able to join us. His arrival was an unexpected happiness. He could imagine our position, and had come to do everything in his power to lessen its hardships. He thought it better for us in the existing condition of affairs to leave Holland, suggesting England as a more agreeable place of refuge. I was very anxious to go. He persuaded my mother to consent, and asked her permission to look out for a suitable lodging for us; to be ready as soon as she would let him know that it was convenient for her to move.

As soon as the spring came, I urged my mother to fulfil her promise, and at last we turned our backs upon that gloomy Holland.

When we arrived at Harwich, the first English word that I heard and understood made my heart beat with the hope of a better future. It was a good omen, for from that moment we began to experience the kindly and cordial hospitality of the English.

When we disembarked, we were met by agents of the Government, who asked my mother's name and position; and my father's rank proved to be a passport sufficient to procure for us the greatest consideration. What a difference between this noble reception and that to which

we had become so cruelly accustomed since our change of fortune! Is it strange that I should have formed that strong attachment to England for which I have sometimes been reproached? Gratitude, however, has always been one of my characteristics.

The neighbourhood of Golden Square, in which M. de St. Blancard had taken lodgings for us, is a rather gloomy quarter of the town, and I began to understand the feelings of Frenchmen who reach London on a Sunday. The profound silence, the absolute quiet in the streets, was a great surprise to us; and a foreigner coming to London for the first time is very apt to be attacked by a fit of the blues, which, however, is quickly dispelled the next morning by the lovely sunshine in Hyde Park.

M. de St. Blancard was devoted in his attentions to us. In the evenings he entertained us by describing life in London, and picturing the state of mind of our compatriots, whose pride was wounded by the assistance offered them, even by the Government. They were displeased at the differences made according to their rank in the army: the second-lieutenant wanted the allowance made to the general. Not understanding the customs of the country, and determined not to learn the language, they even went so far as to avoid walking on the sidewalks, preferring the middle of the street, though at the risk of being run over.

Even a common misfortune is not always conducive to harmony; this is an indisputable fact, though we were far from comprehending the unjust discontent of

which we had just heard so bad an account. The asylum so nobly granted, the assistance offered as if only due to misfortune, had filled our hearts with admiration and gratitude for that England which, compared with the countries where we had suffered so much, seemed to us like a haven of refuge after the storm.

I was the first to propose that we should leave London, — at least for the present. When we called our little council, we were all of the same opinion. But where should we go? All places were equally strange to us. We took the map of England: M. de St. Blancard was struck with the name of Epsom, in the county of Surrey. He had heard the races there spoken of, and he thought he remembered that the home of a friend of his, Lord Edward Bentinck, was situated in that county.

M. de Gontaut proposed to go to Epsom, and he came back quite charmed. He had found a little house which he thought would satisfy us. So the Fates decided for Epsom. There he renewed his entreaties to me to fix the day for our marriage. My mother wished it, feeling that it would be a consolation in her troubles; but before giving her entire consent she wished to obtain that of the Princes. This was granted, with flattering and touching words of approval. They condescended to recall the fact that although bound by ties of friendship and relationship to persons who had permitted themselves to be carried away by democratic ideas, M. de St. Blancard had had the courage to follow

with us the path of honour. "And it will give us sincere pleasure," they added, "to see him united to the daughter of a man for whom we have always felt a strong attachment."

My marriage was celebrated as modestly as possible. The Bishop of Nantes and the Comte de Noé, my cousin, were my witnesses. The Duc de Grammont and Baron de Rolles, a Swiss officer, aide-de-camp of the Comte d'Artois, were those of M. de St. Blancard, who then took the name of Gontaut-Biron, leaving that of St. Blancard to the eldest son of the younger branch.

We were married at the Spanish Chapel by the same chaplain who several years before had privately married the Prince of Wales to Mrs. Fitz-Herbert.

There could be no question at such a time of gaieties and festivities. We started immediately for Epsom by the stage-coach, and there we established ourselves modestly in the pretty little cottage that M. de Gontaut had chosen for us. Our people had left us, and our whole establishment was reduced to a single servant. In a time of public calamity, personal privations are easy to bear; one would be ashamed to complain; poverty is nothing to blush for when the cause of it is honourable; the greatest humiliation would be in not knowing how to submit bravely to necessity.

Our house seemed very pleasant to us, situated as it was in a pretty street, only a few steps from the race-course, and surrounded by charming country-houses.

We learned afterwards that our advent made quite a sensation among the occupants of these charming houses; they were all very curious to see these French people who had escaped from the calamities which had overwhelmed their country. In the evenings they tried to get a peep at us through the blinds of our little salon. My mother's beautiful sad face seemed to possess a great interest for them; I, though so young, was always at work, and this touched them greatly. We had not yet made any new acquaintances, but M. de Gontaut, being less occupied than we were, went to London frequently. He met a great many French people there, and some old English friends, among whom were Lord Edward Bentinck and his family, who were desirous of doing everything in their power to render our exile less severe, and promised to come and see me at the time of the races.

I will relate to you here, my dear children, some details which will interest you with regard to the Prince and Princesse de Léon, your grandparents, who arrived in London at this period. Their salon became a general rendezvous for the best society; the English being as desirous as the French of being admitted there. The Prince of Wales, who was so handsome and elegant, was occasionally to be seen there; they were kept *au courant* of all the latest news by the ministers themselves, which your father brought to us in our solitude. The Princesse de Léon, daughter of the Duc de Montmorency, was remarkably beautiful; the Prince de Léon, after-

wards Prince and Duc de Rohan, was a perfect gentleman. His great name, which he bore with so much dignity and affability, his manners so full of grace, and his kindly spirit, made him a model for French nobles at a period when so much stress was laid upon conversational powers and the air of good society. They had several children then, — your uncle Auguste, Cardinal and Archbishop of Besançon, your father, now Duc de Rohan, and a pretty little girl called Léontine, who died in London.

Among our most intimate English friends were Lord Liverpool and the Earl of Bristol, who till the day of their death never ceased to be tenderly attached to your family.

The week of the races is in England, as in France, a time of great excitement; then the English lose that phlegmatic manner which usually characterises them. As the time of the races draws near, everything changes, every one grows animated, they are gay and eager, and make their bets with great excitement and vivacity. The weather was magnificent at Epsom, and every one seemed to have taken out a new lease of life.

M. de Gontaut had got tickets for us, — reserved seats in the chief box. His old and new friends came and welcomed me with frank kindness and cordiality. This set me more at ease than all the well-turned phrases of our good society in France. Their hand-clasp is much more cordial; it seems to come from the heart, and to give assurance of a warm and lasting friendship.

Lord and Lady Edward Bentinck had come expressly to invite us to visit them at their country-house, — an invitation which we accepted with great pleasure. They introduced us to a great many persons who afterwards became intimate friends of mine. Lord Templeton, who was one of these new acquaintances, had just married a very agreeable young lady who afterwards never ceased to manifest for me a sincere friendship. Among the French people the only ones I can recall are the MM. de l'Aigle, Prince de La Tremouille, and Comte Boson and Comte Archambaut de Périgord, brothers of the Prince de Talleyrand, whose life is well known. The families in our neighbourhood, encouraged by these examples, asked to be introduced to us, — among others a very estimable family, Mr. and Mrs. Lomax and their sister, who were very kind and attentive to us during our entire sojourn at Epsom. Fifteen years afterwards Mrs. Lomax's sister married our old friend Baron de Rolles.

According to our promise, we paid a visit at Micklefield Green, Lord Edward Bentinck's charming country house. Lady Edward spoke French badly, but she was very original and amusing. She was passionately fond of anything that happened to take her fancy, and I had the good fortune to please her; so she praised me so highly as to cause me serious embarrassment. She declared she was only improving my English when she made use of droll expressions which caused a general smile. A great many people came to see us, among

others Lady Salisbury, Lady Essex, and two Ladies Capell, whom I thought very extraordinary. They arrived one day driving a phaeton and wearing large men's hats, which they had adorned with all the feathers of their magnificent poultry-yard.

Lord Clarendon and Lady Charlotte Villiers were intimate friends of Lord Edward. We used to see them constantly. They were neither of them married. Lord Clarendon was a descendant of the famous Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, whose daughter married King James II. Lord Clarendon lived in his beautiful castle like a veritable feudal lord, a Tory by inclination, cold and silent in manner, receiving the gentlemen of the county with an imposing ceremoniousness, and giving them great dinners, especially at Christmas time. He had two brothers, one John and the other George Villiers, who were both married.

An Admiral Forbes had twin daughters, who were so alike that you could not tell one from the other; both amiable and intelligent, not pretty, but agreeable in mind and in manner. One of them married John Villiers, and died without leaving any children. Her sister married the brother of the Marquis of Wellesley, who was afterwards Lord Mornington. The second brother, Mr. George Villiers, married an amiable woman, Miss Parker, sister of Lord Borington. We were united by a tender friendship, which, I hope, will resist the attacks of time and absence. Mr. George Villiers had several children. After his death, his eldest son suc-

ceeded to the title of Earl of Clarendon; he was a cabinet minister while still very young, minister plenipotentiary to Madrid, and Viceroy of Ireland. He is now Minister of Foreign Affairs. I always liked him even when he was a child, and I prophesied a great future for him. Lord Clarendon is wealthy, agreeable, and affectionate. I have a great friendship for him, and I hope he will accord to the old friend of his family a little of the interest he inspires in me.

It was at this time that those friendships began which will continue until the last day of my life, and which have made the happiness of a great portion of my existence.

Every one seemed to feel a genuine friendship for us; and when the time for our departure approached, they urged us to take up our abode in the neighbourhood of our new friends. There was a small house to let, at that time, not far from them. M. de Gontaut took it all the more willingly as the hunting season was coming on, and his old passion had revived with renewed ardour. He bought himself a small horse, and would not have missed a hunt for anything in the world. He learned that his nephew, Armand de Gontaut, was at Aix-la-Chapelle, that he had been very ill with small-pox, and had been nursed by the Duchesse de Richelieu, with whom he had left France. M. de Gontaut wrote, urging him to join us as soon as he could travel without danger.

The Duchesse de Richelieu had her two young

daughters with her. After the Restoration the elder married the Comte de Montcalm, the younger the Marquis de Jumilhac.

Madame de Montcalm, then in delicate health, went out very little, but collected about her many friends distinguished for their position or their intellect. Her salon recalled those of former times; people talked together pleasantly there, and never fell into disputes or discussions; they were amiable, with that kindly amiability which public calamities and the bitterness of party spirit have made so rare.

Madame de Jumilhac, more active than her sister, was fond of society, was greatly sought after, and had many true friends; although she was sometimes a little spiteful, people really liked her. She could be very amusing when she liked, and devoted to her friends when she chose to be.

Our nephew, Armand de Gontaut, afterwards Marquis de Biron, soon arrived, and seemed delighted to be able to be with us. He was then what he has always been, a man averse to society, never wishing to go out with us, and preferring his books to his neighbours. He knew English much better than we did, but he would never say a word. He had a good horse, and yet he walked a great deal.

M. de Gontaut took it into his head about this time that his wife ought to hunt. He undertook my education accordingly, and I thought at first I should die of fright. I got accustomed to it at last, however,

and I did even more, — I ended by finding it very amusing; and the horse which was useless to my nephew Armand became for me a source of great pleasure during the hunting-season.

My mother had taken advantage of our stay in Hertfordshire to go and make a visit at Mittau. There were several French families there, among them that of the Duchesse de Polignac, who had her sister-in-law with her, the Vicomtesse de Polastron, my mother's first cousin. I will tell you about her later, my dear children; you shall hear about her great trouble and her death, and you will feel compassion for her, for she suffered so much.

Lady Charlotte Villiers wished to introduce us to the daughters of the Duke of Portland, whose seat, Bulstrode, was not far from us. This family was greatly esteemed throughout the country, and I felt a strong desire to see Lady Charlotte Greville, Lady Mary, and her brothers, who were at Bulstrode at this time.

The Duke of Portland was prime minister; he was very greatly esteemed for his private virtues. He was of Dutch origin. His grandfather had helped to place William, Stadtholder of Holland, on the English throne. The Duke of Portland had a very imposing mien, but he set one at ease by his gracious kindliness and his exceeding courtesy.

Lady Charlotte was just married. She was very young, very graceful and fascinating; the word "charming" seemed made purposely for her. The impression

she produced upon me is still vivid. Fresh as the roses which she bestowed upon me, her black eyes and ebon hair made a delightful contrast to her white and transparent skin; she had a charming smile; she was not tall, nor was she short; she was perfect. I felt drawn towards her at once, and quite at my ease. She asked my opinion of her aunt, Lady Edward. I replied, "She amuses me sometimes, and astonishes me always."

She laughingly replied, "I might have known that."

We promised to meet often; and even now, when I am eighty years old, my heart beats with the hope of going to see her once more, if God will give me the strength for it.

M. Greville, who was older than Lady Charlotte, had been very handsome, and was so still at the time of his marriage. He was very witty, an excellent *raconteur*, and an admirable mimic. Unfortunately, sometimes in the midst of his most delightful moments, a sudden attack of dyspepsia would cloud over his charming mood, and then — But he was often very kind to me, and I was sorry when we were obliged to part.

Lady Mary, who was younger than Lady Charlotte, was full of freshness, without being exactly pretty. She was good, but cautious and timid, though devoted to her intimate friends. She admired her sister's charms, but could rarely be induced to accompany her into society. She was gentle and always agreeable, and I felt a sincere and tender friendship for her.

This year, which I spent in the county of Hertford, has left a very pleasant impression upon my mind.

My mother came back to London. We were to join her there and to take a little house, close by the Catholic church, which had been recommended to her. What a difference between this and the one we had just left! There was no view from this except the Catholic churchyard, — the last resting-place of our poor fellow countrymen. The dismal bell, and the tears that were shed on these modest tombs, often wrung our hearts.

Our resources were now nearly exhausted, and still there was no news from my grandmother. Seeing my mother so tortured by anxiety, I nearly lost my own courage for a time; but feeling it my duty to sustain and support my poor mother, I resolved to try to earn a few luxuries for our modest establishment by my own labours, and my gaiety returned. I remembered the plan I had formed at Rotterdam, the lessons I had taken, and I set to work. I painted little cupids conquering lions, tigers, and nymphs; happily, these little miniatures were very fashionable then, and my work was very successful. The Government, always ready to furnish the *émigrés* with all possible means of helping themselves, and carefully avoiding anything that could wound their pride, had established a bazaar, where all could display their work, without giving their names, and fix their own price.

M. de Gontaut followed my example; but cupids were not at all in his style. He painted caricatures

which were greatly liked, and which amused himself even. My mother made little articles in tatting and worsted work, and the time passed very quickly. Our friends visited us constantly. Such fine carriages had never before been seen in that neighbourhood; for St. Pancras was a poor quarter, at least a mile from the fashionable part of London.

It would be difficult to give you a just idea of the proofs of interest which our new friends lavished upon us. I am sure they would have been delighted to find some way of assisting us; but notwithstanding our gratitude, they could not overcome our proper pride.

By the goodness of Providence, all the friends who were bestowed upon us were models of virtue, and charming in their relations with us as friends. In every case, their devotion has lasted through life, and even at this day I am the object of the most tender affection in the case of a friendship as warm now as it was in the days of our youth.

The disastrous expedition of Quiberon took place in July, 1795. Every one knows the deplorable result. Eighteen hundred *émigrés*, fifteen hundred Chouans, the staff-officers, the Bishop of Dol, his brother, and his clergy, being made prisoners, were condemned to death by the National Convention, and executed near D'Auray, in a field which the veneration of the Bretons for these martyrs to fidelity has called the "Field of the Martyrs." King Louis XVIII. erected a monument to the memory of these noble victims, the

inhabitants of that country make pilgrimages thither, and the traveller stops there to pay his tribute of regret and admiration.

The English Government offered to Comte d'Artois the means for trying a second expedition on the coast of Brittany. King Louis XVIII. was informed of it at Venice, and announced to his brother that he would join him very soon. Comte d'Artois left Southampton on St. Louis' day, accompanied by a multitude of *émigrés*, among whom, my children, were your grandfathers, MM. de Léon and de Gontaut. But, by a fatality which seemed to pursue these would-be warriors, one month later the Île Dieu was evacuated, and Monsieur returned to England.

Meanwhile, two English ships, carrying a part of the regiment of Choiseul (commanded by the Duc de Choiseul-Stainville, grandfather of the Duchesse de Fitz-James, and great-grandfather of Marie de Biron), were shipwrecked on the coast of Calais. Among those shipwrecked, besides the Duc de Choiseul, were the Chevalier Thibaut de Montmorency (first husband of your aunt, the Duchesse de Montmorency), and the Marquis de Vibraye, who was one of the gentlemen of Madame la Dauphine during the last years of the Restoration. They were in peril of their lives during the storm, and the peril was not over when they reached the shore by swimming. There they found themselves at the mercy of their fellow-countrymen, now become their enemies. Hardly had they had time to repair

the disorder of their toilettes by putting on some garments they had borrowed, when they were arrested as *émigrés* taken with arms in their hands, and imprisoned at Calais. Transferred to Lille, they suffered all manner of privations, and all the petty humiliations which the ingenuity of their persecutors could invent. They left their prison in that city only to undergo a captivity of four years and two months at Ham, which ended in 1799. You will be able to understand what they suffered when I tell you that during all this time they were under sentence of death, which, as they knew, might be executed at any moment. They were snatched from their executioners only by the constant vigilance and zeal of their defenders, whose only hope lay in establishing the fact that their shipwreck was not a culpable attempt upon their country, but a misfortune deserving of compassion.

During the early years of the Restoration it became the duty of the Chevalier, afterwards Comte de Montmorency, aide-de-camp of the Duc d'Orléans, on a reception day at the Palais Royal, to present to the Prince General Pille, who had suggested handcuffing the shipwrecked prisoners on their way from Lille to Ham. The Comte de Montmorency, having announced the General, could not resist adding in a low tone: "Monseigneur, he is the man who wanted to handcuff me at Lille."

The year of our sojourn at St. Pancras having at length come to an end, we decided to give up this house

and our perpetual view of the churchyard. We therefore removed our little establishment to a gayer and more healthful quarter on the edge of a pretty meadow, open to the south, and not far from our friends.

After several months spent at Five-Field, Pimlico, I became the mother of my two little daughters, whom I brought into the world on the 9th of October, 1796. I nursed them both myself, our means not permitting us to have *two nurses* in our little establishment, and I felt courage enough to undertake this double task. Born at seven months and a half, their frail existence required my care day and night. When the dear children were asleep in my arms, I felt how great a blessing God had bestowed upon me, even while trembling for their lives. Whenever a ray of sunshine would permit, I would carry their little cradle out into the meadows. My friends came to see us every day; it seemed as if their interest and affection for me were only increased by the knowledge of my troubles.

When M. de Gontaut left France he had sent full powers to his brother to collect his revenues, and asked him to try to find some means of sending him as much money as possible; but the strict laws of that time would not admit of it.

In 1793 the Duc de Biron was arrested (we had to deplore the services which he thought he ought to render to his country), and, hoping to save his life, asked the Marquis de Gontaut to procure for him a considerable sum, offering in exchange funds which he had deposited

in the Bank of England. Persuaded that this proposition could only be of service to us, my brother-in-law consented, and received the title to this sum, but could not get it conveyed to us, nor inform us of the fact. All communication with England was not only difficult, but dangerous. The Duc de Biron was guillotined on the 31st of December, 1793. We heard afterwards the only reason why my brother-in-law did not write to us. He was in prison together with my sister-in-law, and they remained there until the death of Robespierre, in July, 1794.

On the morning of that memorable day they heard the fact of their condemnation cried in the street, and, both praying to God, they awaited the moment when the fatal *charrette* should come for them. A friend of theirs, Madame Dubois de Lamotte, who was to inform them, by a concerted signal, of any important event, put a great placard out of the dormer window opposite their prison. On this they suddenly read the words: "Robespierre is dead;" and they knew they were saved.

CHAPTER III.

My Journey to France. — Return to England. — Monsieur in Scotland. — Departure of my Mother for Paris, and our Return to Scotland. — Windsor and King George III. — Anecdotes of the Maréchal de Biron.

I HAVE now reached, my dear children, a very interesting period of my life.

My mother and M. de Gontaut could not go to France, the names of both being inscribed on that fatal list of *émigrés*, and they lamented greatly having no safe method of procuring the funds made over to them by M. de Biron. To whom could they confide such a secret? Who would be willing to undertake a mission as delicate as it was dangerous? I must be that person, I said. I had thought it all over, and had decided to obtain their consent.

My little girls were very much stronger, and the physician who watched over them with friendly interest warned my husband that it was time for me to stop nursing them. It was evidently sapping my strength, although I would not acknowledge it. Josephine, the elder of my dear daughters, was then nine months old, and was weaned by the doctor's advice. Charlotte, who was more delicate, had a strong and excellent nurse.

I submitted as soon as I perceived that this sacrifice had become a duty.

"There is another duty which it will be sweet to me to perform," I said to M. de Gontaut, "that of trying to make myself useful to you and my mother. Let me go. I wish it; and I shall have the courage for it."

Touched by my devotion, M. de Gontaut made no more opposition, and my journey was decided upon.

The agents of the different countries were at that time carrying on a thriving business in passports, which they sold at a high price to persons who, like myself, desired to go to France. On my arrival at Dover one of these opportunities very soon offered itself, which the agents declared to M. de Gontaut was almost a miracle. A passport was delivered to him; they wrote out a description of me, giving me the name of Madame François, a shopkeeper going to France on business. The captain assured M. de Gontaut that the consul from Hamburg, Mr. Schimmelpenninck, knew the parents of Madame François, and would receive her cordially in case she should find it necessary to apply to him for assistance.

I was ready in a few moments, and my heart felt very heavy as I embraced my dear children. But I comforted myself with the hope that I might soon have it in my power to help all my dear ones.

When I went on board the small boat which was to take us across, I did not see a single person of my acquaintance. It is true, however, that I thought very

little about it. One Englishman came and spoke to me; perceiving that I spoke both English and French, he asked me if I would not interpret for him. I promised him I would; and he was very grateful, as he was going to France on very important business.

Of course there was a great deal of uninteresting chattering going on, as usual on such a voyage; but one conversation that I heard I found very amusing. A very commonplace woman, fearing what might happen when she arrived at Calais, was bewailing herself for having such a well-known name, for having emigrated, so to speak, and having often been at Calais.

"Good heavens!" she said; "it is no joke for me to go back there. If I could only change my name, I should be glad enough!"

A lady who was lying down beside her eagerly offered to do her this favour.

"Let us change names, Madame," she said. "Mine is quite at your service. I beg you to tell me yours."

"Roussin, Madame; a very well known name, as you can perceive."

"Well known! Oh, no doubt," replied the other; "but as I have never been in Calais, I shall be perfectly safe."

Madame Roussin was greatly delighted, and changed passports with the other, reading aloud that of Citoyenne Coigny.

"Couny, Couny! oh, that can't compromise me; but there is one difficulty. I have a habit of winking my

eyes very fast, which is written down on my passport; and you do not do it."

"Oh, no matter," said the Marquise de Coigny; "I will blink too."

Another lady seemed very anxious to remain unnoticed, and I discovered afterwards who she was. I was mistaken for her, which put me in a very cruel position, as you will see.

The weather was good, the wind in our favour, and we arrived in good time. The boat was signalled to stop before she entered the harbour, and the commissioners came on board to take our passports, which they examined. They spoke very low as they asked me my name, and as I repeated the lesson I had learned by heart, I saw a scowl on the face of the commissioners. They went away, and the vessel drew into port; but they soon came back, accompanied by two soldiers. The passengers disembarked on the wharf, but they kept me to the last.

"Take your portmanteau," they said to me, very rudely.

I had great difficulty in dragging it after me as I descended a ladder to the wharf; there they marched me off between two soldiers, and I arrived at the office of the *Comité de Salut Public.*

The very name of this tribunal made me shudder; nothing could be more terrifying than the aspect of the men who filled the office and seemed to be judges. I shivered as I looked at them. They were busy making

out passports; I was standing between the two soldiers, and did not in the least comprehend why I was singled out for such an honour. At last one of the employés, who seemed to be at the head of affairs, as he wore a tricolored scarf and a Henri Quatre hat with feathers, said to me, —

"Approach, Citoyenne."

Then my examination began.

"Who gave you this passport?"

"My husband."

"What is your name?"

"Madame François, lace-merchant, going to Paris on business."

"That may be, but where did this passport come from?"

"I do not know."

"Give an account of yourself in a clear, audible voice."

"I was at Dover, and I wished to start as soon as possible. My husband learned this very morning that a boat in the harbour was about to sail for Calais, the weather was good, all my preparations were soon made, and I started with the passport he gave me, without even opening it."

"What is your husband doing at Dover?"

"He is waiting for me."

"Citoyenne, this is a very serious affair; you are suspected of being an *émigrée*."

"I am too young for that; I could not be on any proscribed list."

"But it is said that you are a great lady, a rich *émigrée*, wife of a *cordon bleu*."

"I give you my word of honour that I am neither rich nor the wife of a *cordon bleu*. Look at my portmanteau; that is all my fortune," I added, with a smile.

They laughed, and the gentleman with the feathers repeated: "It is a very serious matter; you cannot be allowed to go; your passport is false, and the date is false; the person who is supposed to have signed this at Hamburg was at that time in Calais, as I can prove to you."

Madame Grandsire, who kept a hotel in the town, was sent for; she declared that the person in question had really lodged with her at the time the passport was dated. I thought of referring to the Hamburg consul at Paris, and assured them that he knew my family very well. But the only reply I got was the announcement that I was under arrest, under the surveillance of the Committee of Public Safety, and that they would appoint a guard who would be responsible for me.

"Oh, gentlemen, I entreat you to put me under the surveillance of Madame here," I said.

They consented to this, but on condition that I should have a bailiff lodging there at my expense, and that I should be put into a room with a *judas*."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "don't put me in a room with a *judas*, I beg of you! You may shut me up as much as you like, but not with a *judas;* the very word makes me shiver."

They now allowed me to withdraw, accompanied by Madame Grandsire and the sentinel. I was just leaving the room when the Englishman who had begged me to interpret for him informed me of the object of his voyage. It was Mr. Fulton (the inventor of the steamboat). He had been recommended to M. Barthélemy, then one of the directors of the French Republic. His name seemed to procure for him some consideration.

Madame Grandsire gave me a good room, showed some interest in me, and told me that she thought the commissioners had received an account of me before my arrival; but that she felt sure there must be some mistake, and she would do all she could to clear it up.

The *judas* which had so terrified me was a small opening through which the prisoners could be watched from the outside. The next day I learned through Madame Grandsire that the great lady, wife of the *cordon bleu*, was the Comtesse de Montboissier. This mistake enabled her to escape.

I passed three cruel weeks at Calais, being called up constantly before the tribunal, and questioned over and over again. I was very uneasy at receiving no news from the consul, and began to suspect that their evident malice had been carried so far as to intercept my letters or the answers. I related my troubles to my good hostess, who tried to help me as much as possible. She did succeed in obtaining some favours for me, — that of dining at the *table d'hôte* beside her, and of placing at the door of the hôtel a sentinel who was responsible

for me, instead of the Argus of the police, whose presence drove me nearly frantic.

Mr. Fulton had taken a genuine interest in me. They showed him some consideration on account of his reference to M. Barthélemy. Having discovered by some means or other that my condition was growing worse, and that they were planning to send me to Paris under arrest, he invented a hundred ways of assisting me to escape. The one which seemed to him the easiest and the simplest, he came in all haste to communicate to me. I will translate our conversation. He knocked at the door, and, looking through the little *judas*, saw me writing.

"Madame François," he said, "listen to me."

I listened.

"You are in a very bad way, and I have come to save you."

"A thousand thanks; but have the goodness to explain."

"They are going to take you to Paris and put you in prison there, and once there you are lost. Now listen to what I have to say. Nothing could be easier than to save you from this danger; nothing could be more simple: marry me, *do marry me.*"

"Oh, thank you; but I am married already."

"Oh, what a pity, what a pity! I would make you rich. I am going to make my fortune in Paris. I have invented a steamboat, and I am going to set the whole world going. Besides, I have invented a way of blowing

up an enemy's fleet by means of submarine boats; nothing could be easier. And it will be quite as easy to save you; only say the word, and I will go and claim you. I will marry you, and that will be the end of it."

I thanked him as seriously as I could. His little plan seemed to him *so simple*, and he proposed it so kindly and heartily, that while I laughed I could not help feeling grateful to him. I begged him not to trouble himself any more about me, assuring him that Providence and my own good cause would be the means of saving me. He sighed, and departed.

That same day Madame Grandsire confirmed the statement Mr. Fulton had made. The president of the committee had at last appeared to take an interest in my situation; he confided to her that they were going to propose to send me under guard to Paris (on the pretext of facilitating my liberation), and he added that he would promise me to withhold his consent, because something was about to happen which might make some change in the aspect of affairs. This was the approaching arrival at Calais of the delegates from the English Government, going to Lille or Amiens for the conference preliminary to making peace.

Madame Grandsire told me their names, and I was overwhelmed with joy, for they were our intimate friends, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Granville, and Sir Henry Wellesley (afterwards Lord Cowley).

I had no doubt that as they passed through Dover they would have seen M. de Gontaut, who was sure

to have sent me a letter by them. Madame Grandsire told me that as soon as Lord Malmesbury arrived, I must write him a few lines, which she would undertake to transmit to him. She even carried her kindness so far as to do everything in her power to obtain for me an interview with him, but on condition that I should remain Madame François to every one, as well as to her. It was under this name, therefore, that I asked for a secret interview with Lord Malmesbury.

In a moment of folly he confided to his *attachés* that he was to have a rendezvous with a beautiful woman; but wishing to carry out the *rôle* of a discreet though favoured lover, he begged them to withdraw. They, on the contrary, vowed that they would conceal themselves, and hear everything.

Madame Grandsire, though feeling the imprudence into which her great kindness was plunging her, tried to keep everything as secret as possible. She muffled me up in the perruke, hat, and redingote of her husband, and I was a frightful object to behold. She gave me her arm, and we passed the sentry without attracting his attention.

Lord Malmesbury was, or believed himself to be, alone. I made my entrance into a large salon dimly lighted. Madame Grandsire, who had promised not to leave me, went forward and said, —

"My Lord, here is my prisoner."

He was certainly very far from expecting to see a

person of my singular aspect, and he retreated a few steps. The *attachés* burst out laughing, and came forward. Then I threw off my hat and wig, and holding out my hands to my friends, I asked them for news of my family. They had spent the night at Dover, but had neither seen nor heard anything of M. de Gontaut. What a cruel disappointment! Then all was explained. As soon as they recognized me, they told me how anxious they were on my account, and tried to think of some way by which they might assist me to escape. None of these plans meeting with my approbation, they proposed to conceal me in one of their carriages to get me out of the city.

"But then what would you do with me?" I inquired.

I at length made them see that the only service which they could render me was to transmit a letter from me to Mr. Schimmelpenninck, since no one else could help me. To see him, to speak with him, was my only means of safety; and of that they finally became convinced.

Lord Malmesbury promised that immediately on his arrival at Lille he would carry out my wishes, and charged himself with a letter which I was to send to him by Madame Grandsire. We separated. I returned to my little room, and in a few days I had proof of the kind care of my friends. A letter came from the consul, and I was summoned before the committee, where I could already perceive a change in their manner towards me, — a certain respectfulness to which I was by

no means accustomed. They signed the order for my departure, only insisting upon the necessity for my being accompanied by the fatal guard until my humble person was given up to the hands of my rescuer, Mr. Schimmelpenninck.

Madame Grandsire, greatly delighted, helped me to make preparations for my departure. After we had promised not to lose sight of one another, she at length put me into the carriage, still accompanied by my guard, whose presence had not only become quite insupportable to me, but was also ruinous to my purse; this not a little increasing my anxiety as to my future fate.

The carriages of that period were called "coaches," and we were two days and one night on the road before reaching Paris. I was taken straight to the consul. After the usual formalities, I found myself *tête-à-tête* with the best and most compassionate of men. I was greatly agitated, and the weight on my conscience was very heavy. To deceive this good man was impossible for me. It would have been a comfort to me to say to him: "No, I am not what you think; I do not belong to the family whom you know. I am a poor woman who has come here to try and procure a better fate for her mother, her husband, her children. She is neither an impostor nor a stranger. Have pity upon her, for she would not deceive you for anything in the world."

He understood all I would say from these few words: "Oh, let me open my heart to you, and then I will say to you, 'Help me!'"

He seemed greatly touched, and soothed me by saying, —

"I will do all in my power for you; it is little, but it will be enough. I will give you a *carte de sûreté*. Go now; and if you need any assistance, come to me at any time. Remember that you have friends who are watching over you, and that I shall not lose sight of you; so have no more fear."

He advised me to go to the Hôtel des Diligences, and from there to write to my friends, which I did. I asked for the plainest room they had, as my means were quite exhausted. I did not dare to tell any one, as I hoped to get money and assistance from my relatives; but after paying for everything, I had only five francs left.

When I reached the hotel I wrote to my brother-in-law that Josephine, *now* Madame François, had come to Paris on business, asking him, if it were possible, to come to the Hôtel des Diligences, No. 1, under the archway, as soon as he received this letter. I addressed the letter to Citoyen Gontaut, and asked the *commissionnaire* to return as soon as possible with the answer.

I had a long time to wait, and my consternation was great when he brought me back my letter open, and said, —

"They don't know you in that house, Citoyenne, most of them have gone to the Pyrenees, and the rest I don't know where. They gave me back the letter, and that is all."

"To whom did you give it?" I asked, choking with emotion.

"When I got to the door they sent me upstairs, and I gave it to a gentleman, who said when he had read it: 'I do not know this person, and I will give you back the letter.' He did n't seem pleased. Is n't there anything more I can do for you?"

I had written another letter to my grandmother, which I gave him. I entreated her to receive Josephine, — Madame François. I addressed it to the Rue Royale, that is, to the Rue de la Révolution, and then sat down to wait again, deeply agitated at the thought that after so much suffering I was about to see again my dear good grandmother, and the house where I had been so happy.

The messenger returned, and this time my heart was quite broken; for he held my letter in his hand, and throwing it down on the table, he said: "You are only making me ridiculous by giving me commissions like that! The old lady has n't been there for a long time. Most of the people in that house have been guillotined; and then after the *émigrés* left it, it was plundered, and it has been sold and resold, and now it is filled with people who do not know you. That is all the porter could tell me, and I want two francs for the two messages."

I gave them to him. I wanted to be alone. I shut my door, threw myself on my knees, and prayed to God for courage to sustain me in this desperate state of affairs. What would become of me? To whom should I apply? Who would have compassion on me?

What could I do without any resources except my two francs?

Overwhelmed by the burden of these thoughts, and worn out by fatigue, I remained on my knees, with my head on my hands, leaning against my poor chair. Would any one believe it? In this position I went to sleep, and slept so soundly that it was night when I was awakened by a voice which at the first moment sounded like the voice of my husband. I listened, and heard these words: "It was certainly No. 1, under the archway. Madame François; I cannot be mistaken."

I heard the porter's assurance that there was no Madame François in the house, and I opened the door, and by the light of the street-lamp I recognized my brother-in-law. I uttered a cry; but he signed to me to be careful, and began to talk about the business which had brought me here.

As soon as we were alone, he exclaimed: "What folly! What utter imprudence! You here alone! My brother evidently does not know what our position has been. Is he unaware of our imprisonment and condemnation to death? This visit would compromise us horribly if any one should discover who you are. You call yourself Madame François, and that is all very well; but what are you going to do? Where are you going?"

"I hoped to go to my grandmother; but I have only just received back the letter I sent to her. All trace of her seems to be lost."

"As for your grandmother," he replied, "you may

reassure yourself; she is living quietly at Fontainebleau. Now let us consider your position."

Then I explained to him the object of my journey, and related the great difficulties which I had encountered on the way. He became greatly interested in my story, and we tried together to think of the most simple method of getting me into the Hôtel de Gontaut. We agreed that it would be better for me to enter by the garden from the Boulevards; that after having seen my sister-in-law, Madame de Ganges, he would take me back to my hotel, would procure for me a *carte de sûreté* under my maiden name of Montaut, and would afterwards go to Montgermont to announce my arrival to my sister-in-law, the Marquise de Gontaut. His people, who had known me with my mother during our trip to the Pyrenees, would find me still passing under the name of Mademoiselle Montaut.

Two days later I set off in a small diligence, and arrived at Ponthierry, where my sister-in-law's carriage met me, and took me on to Montgermont. I enjoyed under this hospitable roof all the happiness which friendship and the support of my family could afford me.

I was very fond of my sister-in-law, and had often regretted our separation. She received me like a real sister. Alas! we neither of us had one. Our meeting now only bound us more closely together. How many questions we had to ask, how many things to tell! The two days we spent together passed too quickly by far, but I could not bear to delay my meeting with my

grandmother. I had written to her on my arrrival, and she was impatiently awaiting me. At last we met: it was indeed a happy moment. I found her greatly aged, and her eyes told of severe suffering. I tried to soften the memory of this by speaking of the probability of a speedy reunion with my mother. She had received no letters from her since those sent from Coblentz before the defeat of our army. She did not know of my marriage, or the birth of my children. She listened to my story with eagerness and emotion. We discussed her future; she did not like Fontainebleau, where she had suffered so much, and wished to return to Paris to settle down near some church or convent, which she hoped might be re-established.

During the ten days of our stay together, she summoned all her strength to make me understand the cruel sufferings she had endured. I admired her saintly resignation. She began her narrative from the time of our departure, beginning with the confiscations and arrest of our friends; the preparations for the flight of the royal family were known to her, their cruel arrest, their return to Paris, the frightful treatment to which they had been subjected, the captivity in the Temple, and the death of the King, and then the death-agony of the Queen and Madame Elisabeth. Many details of which we were ignorant filled my heart with sadness; my grandmother had known it all, and had witnessed nearly all of it. Then the arrest of her brother, of her son, snatched from her very arms! The

impossibility of learning their fate, of being reduced to the necessity of searching the funeral cars which carried the condemned to the scaffold, for those who were dear to her! Not to see them in the *charrette* was to inspire the unhappy mother with the hope that another day of life had been granted to them. At last the agonising moment came: she heard from a distance the familiar, dreaded sound of the car of death approaching; she shuddered, but looked eagerly for what she sought; she saw them, and uttered a frightful shriek! Here the poor mother was unable to go on, and her faithful companion told me that they heard, or thought they heard, in the Place Louis XV. the falling of the fatal knife which cut short the days of her brother and son. She did not go mad, but she thought she should die; and then, in the course of time, this angel of sweetness and resignation was able to find in prayer a solace for her woes.

My father's property, a part of which consisted of the house in the Rue Royale, had been confiscated; my grandmother was still occupying the house when it was seized. She left it, and found herself in the street, without knowing where to go, taking with her a picture of her daughter and a few poor things which her maid had been able to conceal about her. Some one took compassion on them, and conducted them to Fontainebleau.

"In the midst of this horrible and tragic period," she said, "I had one slight consolation in learning that M. Durvey had sent to the King, just before his departure,

a considerable sum of money which his devoted friends had placed at his disposal," — a sum which included a part of my dowry, given with my mother's consent. The King replied: "I always knew her father's attachment to me, and I am deeply sensible of her mother's devotion." These sums, alas! did not avail to save our unhappy King.

My grandmother, continuing her recital, related to me the savage cruelty of the Jacobins; the courage of the women and young girls; how all France had become a prison, children and old men being alike condemned to death; the order, given publicly, to exterminate the Vendéans; and, finally, the unheard-of fanaticism which persecuted even Christianity! Since then no one had dared to utter the name of God, for whom the worship of the Goddess of Reason had been substituted. Then came Robespierre, whose reign, alas! is only too well known. At length he was put to death, on the 9th Thermidor, 1794.

"During all this time," continued my grandmother, "the *émigrés* in the armies of Condé had performed prodigies of useless valour; the conduct of the priests has been admirable beyond expression: they all preferred death to renouncing their faith; their enemies never succeeded in wearing out their patience (*désoler leur patience*, an expression of the time). But at length, my dear child," said my grandmother, "I can see some hope of a new era. France is beginning to weary of factions, and to feel the need of law and of a

ruler. I have received letters from a friend of your mother's who speaks of a young soldier who has gained a wonderful ascendancy over the army by his talents and his energy, and has wrought miracles in Italy. She speaks as if I ought to know him. Help me with your youthful memory, and tell me, my dear child, whether you remember a young officer who was a foreigner, and was sent to your father while he was at the military school?"

"Oh, I remember very well," I said, "and I can even tell you his history. When my father was building his house at the end of the Rue Royale, opposite the Garde-Meuble of the Crown, the Marquis de Tinbrune, Governor of the Military School, lent to my parents a large apartment, with a balcony looking on the Champs de Mars.[1]

"They were to occupy it until their own house was habitable; a friend of my father, of whom he often spoke, the Comte de Marbeuf, asked him to obtain permission for the son of one of his friends to be transferred as soon as possible from Brienne to the Military School of Paris. My father had some difficulty in managing the affair; but as soon as he had obtained the promise, he sent for the young man to come and see

[1] At this period a very grand ceremony took place in the chapel of the Military School. His Royal Highness the Comte de Provence, Son of France, Grand Master of the Royal Order of St. Lazare, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, received with great pomp, as commanders of this order, my father, the Comte de Montaut, the Duc de la Chastre, and Chevalier the Vicomte d'Agoult. Later on, when Louis XVIII. was in Russia, he sent the grand ribbon of the Order of St. Lazare to the Emperor Paul I., who often wore it during the ceremonies.

my mother. I remember the day he first wore his uniform. My mother liked him very much, and had him to dinner every Sunday, telling him laughingly that he had *a head* (which, by the way, I considered very handsome). They permitted me to come to dessert, and I slipped in between him and my mother. One day I tried to draw his sword, whereupon he gave me a tap on the knuckles, saying,—

"'That is not to be touched.'"

"Do you remember his name?" inquired my grandmother.

"Oh, yes, very well. It was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Then that is the man," she said.

The moment for leaving Fontainebleau had come. I accompanied my good grandmother to Paris, but the final separation grieved me greatly. I had already, although so young, encountered many trials in my way through life; but having borne them with resignation, they had not made me hard or bitter.

Until now, I had not been able to take any steps towards the furtherance of the object for which I had risked so much, and I was greatly disturbed at this. I reached Paris quite uncertain of any shelter, even for the first day, my brother-in-law having spoken in his letters only of the preparations he was making for the establishment of my grandmother. We were to meet at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. We arrived there. Everything was arranged according to my grandmother's wishes; her little cell was ready; she seemed quite satisfied, and

was grateful to my brother-in-law for his kindness. He arrived almost as soon as we did, and his first words set my doubts at rest. He brought me a letter from my sister-in-law, kindly and gracious as herself, asking me to occupy her apartment at the Hôtel de Gontaut, assuring me that if I were prudent I should be quite safe there under the name of Mademoiselle de Montaut. I promised my dear good grandmother that I would come and see her every day; then I went away with my brother to live in the fine old family mansion. The poor stranger was happy at being so tenderly welcomed, and in her heart thanked the divine Providence which seemed to watch over her.

I found also in Paris my sister-in-law De Ganges; she was very good and kind, and took pleasure in escorting me to the rooms which had been made ready for me. The next morning when I woke up, I thought I must still be dreaming; the principal apartment of this delightful house was superb, looking out on a pretty garden full of flowers, while this garden opened on the Boulevards. The bedroom, painted in arabesques of charming design; the gildings and mirrors without number, — all made it seem like an enchanted palace. I had a maid to wait upon me, and I said to myself, " If it *is* a dream, I wish it might last forever." But the memory of Dover and those dear ones who were awaiting me there, banished the nymphs and cupids from my thoughts, and I could only occupy myself with my serious affairs.

My brother-in-law made known to me the sad condition of my fortune and that of my mother, — a situation which my grandmother had already explained to me. The condition of M. de Gontaut's fortune was more satisfactory. There was a hope that the *unsold* property of the *émigrés* might be redeemed as soon as the names of the proprietors were effaced from that fatal list, and steps had already been taken in favour of M. de Gontaut. He afterwards explained to me the transactions which had taken place between the Duc de Biron and my husband, by which he received a sum in the English funds equivalent to an amount of ready money given M. de Biron in Paris. All the papers being ready, there remained nothing more for me to do in Paris but to pay a farewell visit to Mr. Schimmelpenninck, who had assured me that he would have a passport ready for me when I wished to depart.

I found this excellent man most obliging, and ready to serve me with the same discretion as before. I was very grateful to him, and thanked him warmly.

The friends in our circle had heard of my arrival, and now came to see me. They all gave me letters and commissions, which I was quite ready to undertake. I was glad to have it in my power to be useful to the poor exiles, and should have felt ashamed to refuse one of them. A little later, however, I felt that I had committed a great imprudence; if I had been stopped and searched at the moment of my departure, I should perhaps have been sent to prison or to Cayenne.

I was delighted to meet my old friends once more. The Mesdemoiselles d'Andlau were married, — one to M. d'Orglandes; the other to M. de Rosambo, grandson of M. de Malesherbes, that brave and noble defender of King Louis XVI. I met also the Duchesse de Richelieu and her daughters, and many others.

My brother-in-law took pleasure in showing Paris to his "little country cousin." One day, when we were crossing the Boulevards, I saw Mr. Fulton. He saw me too, and came to meet me.

"Dear me, dear me! Madame François!"

He seized both my hands, even the one that was resting on my brother's arm, shook them, and pressed them in his rough, frank American style.

"Dear me, Madame François, how glad I am to see you!"

My brother-in-law thought this very extraordinary, and said to him, —

"Monsieur, the person to whom you have the honour of speaking is Mademoiselle de Montaut."

"No, no, it is Madame François. She is married; she told me so at Calais. But what did you say? Mademoiselle What? Mademoiselle de Montaut."

He took out his tablets and wrote down Mademoiselle de Montaut, and put them back in his pocket. Then he immediately began on the subject with which his mind was filled.

"Monsieur, you see I have come to Paris for a sublime thing, — to blow up vessels in the air, to run boats under the rivers and by steam."

Upon this announcement my brother thought he was absolutely mad; and, cutting short the conversation, he bowed to him, and we never saw him again.

The valuable documents which I was to take home to M. de Gontaut having been intrusted to me, I made all possible arrangements for transporting them safely, as well as the quantity of letters of which I had taken charge, and even a little money. I intended, after the family breakfast, to go and spend the rest of the last day of my stay in Paris with my grandmother; it was the 4th of September (18th Fructidor, 1797). My nephew, M. de La Valette, came and knocked at my door to ask if I had heard the cannon fired on the Pont Neuf *as a signal.* Perceiving that I did not understand him, he informed me of what was passing in Paris, — the Château des Tuileries surrounded, the sentinels removed, the guards disarmed, placards put up all over Paris, announcing the great *royalist conspiracy* of Pichegru; they were talking even in the streets of condemning to death all the returned *émigrés.*

"A universal terror," he said to me, "seems to have seized upon the city. My uncle charged me to warn you to make instant preparations for your departure; he has gone to find some means of conveyance for you, so you may start as soon as possible. They are talking of domiciliary visits, and you have not a moment to lose."

He left me, and my brother-in-law returned; having found a courier who was just starting for Calais, he had taken a place for me with him. He told me that they

were talking of arresting Pichegru and Barthélemy, both of whom were agents of Louis XVIII. He thought it a matter of the utmost importance that I should be saved from a domiciliary visit. I was ready to start in a moment.

As we left my room, we met the Marquise de Coigny, almost beside herself with terror; she had come in through the garden, and was half dead with fear. My brother-in-law told her that the Hôtel de Gontaut, being in such a conspicuous situation, was a bad hiding-place.

"Oh, no, it is perfect," she said. "Your sister-in-law is going out by the door, and every one will see her; while I came in by the window, and no one saw me."

So she got what she desired; they put her upon a very high shelf in a closet lighted only by a small window on the staircase, where some hours later she heard with a shudder the agents of the police inquiring for me. The servants all declared that Mademoiselle de Montaut had left Paris to return to the country, and Madame de Coigny got off with nothing worse than her fright.

But she ran another risk,—that of starving; my brother-in-law had concealed her so thoroughly that he forgot all about her, and she saw luncheon-time and dinner-time pass by without daring to make the slightest sign of distress; it was not until midnight that he happened to remember her.

My brother-in-law took me to the coach-office, where everything was ready for departure; he put me into a post-chaise with only two wheels, drawn by two horses,

with a postilion. At each relay the shafts flew up into the air, making our position excessively disagreeable. When I had taken my place beside the courier, I perceived, to my dismay, that he was dead drunk, and two pistols at his back completed my fright. I took advantage of his drunken sleep to put them outside of the door. Happily for me, at the first small town my fears were quieted by the arrival of two travelling-companions, — a very respectable man and woman, — and we reached Calais without any accident.

I hastened to the Hôtel Grandsire. My kind hostess was delighted to hear of the successful issue of my journey, and I told her what had happened in Paris. She informed me that, very fortunately for me, a packet-boat was just about to leave Calais; I hastened to take advantage of this opportunity, and it was with great joy that I started for Dover, where I could so easily forget all the vicissitudes of this dangerous journey.

The passage from Calais to Dover was smooth and short, and I could say to my mother and my husband: "My task is fulfilled; and I return joyfully to those who are dearest to me in this whole world."

My children knew me, and I blessed God as I pressed them once more to my heart. This was one of the happiest moments of my life. M. de Gontaut was greatly touched at learning that in the midst of so many dangers his brother had never lost sight of the interests he had intrusted to him; he would have rejoiced in the hope of a return and a reunion with his family, if it had

not been for that 18th Fructidor, which brought with it the fear of fresh outbreaks.

To me fell the painful task of confirming the fears which my angelic mother already entertained with regard to the loss of our fortune. Her saintly resignation was not shaken, however, and she said as she embraced me: "The loss of fortune is easy to bear when the heart does not suffer."

The bracing sea air had been ordered for my children, and we decided to take a small house near Dover. By a happy chance, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers were established in the neighbourhood, at Deal Castle, which had been lent to them by Mr. Pitt. I found Mrs. Villiers just the same as ever, overflowing with gaiety and wit, and our intimacy grew into a strong affection.

Her salon at Deal was very agreeable; her sister and her friends visited her frequently; we made the acquaintance there of Mrs. Bouvraie, her sister, Mrs. Wilmot, Henry and Gerald Wellesley, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Arbuthnot, etc.

Mr. Pitt, who was then prime minister, often spent his Saturdays and Sundays there, to forget politics, as he said. As his politics belong to history, I will only undertake to speak of himself; he was cold and silent, but he was an attentive listener, and was very fond of hearing us talk French.

Previous to my journey to France there had been but little communication between the two countries, so that the stories they made me relate to them possessed a

peculiar interest. At first, Mr. Pitt's piercing eyes turned steadily upon me caused me some embarrassment; but I soon got accustomed to them. He would often ask me to read to him a few pages of "Télémaque;" he was enthusiastic over the discourses of Mentor. I never heard him speak a word of French, until one day, to my great astonishment, as he was driving me out in his phaeton, he repeated the tirades of his beloved Mentor, with a perfect French accent.

At a later period, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Sheridan at the house of Mrs. Bouvraie. He was very witty, no doubt, but I preferred the calmness and solidity of Mr. Pitt.

The London season having begun, we were cut off from this very agreeable circle of friends, and it was with great regret that we parted from them. We had found Dover also very agreeable; my mother liked it, and M. de Gontaut often met acquaintances and friends as they came and went between Dover and Calais. I remember, among others, MM. Alexandre and Bruno de Boisgelin, who spent several days with us, as well as many others.

The King, Louis XVIII., was then at Grodno; but he had a great desire to come to England. To this end he sent Monsieur thither to obtain permission for him to seek shelter in this kingdom. But the Emperor Paul having proposed that he should settle at Mittau, with the other members of the royal family, he felt that he could not refuse, although it was the desire of his heart to be as near to France as possible. Monsieur departed

for London, and the King for Russia, both hoping to meet again soon.

Scarcely had the Prince reached London when the furnishers of the army of Condé, whether rightly or wrongly, claimed from him a very large sum, which they declared was owing to them. Monsieur refused to pay this debt, having no knowledge of it; they threatened him with the law: a law-suit would have cost a large amount, which the Prince was unable to pay. The English minister gave him the sensible advice not to engage in interminable difficulties, but to go at once and secretly to the palace of Holyrood in Scotland, there to await a decision with regard to the matter.

This palace, privileged by law, is a sanctuary in which those who occupy it are secure from any legal proceedings which may be brought against them. The Prince Regent offered it to him, had it furnished, and tried in every possible way to soften the gloom of this beautiful palace; but they are right who say that "no prison is beautiful."

The palace of Holyrood, as well as the park, was spacious; the governor lodged there, and many Scottish families, who made an agreeable circle. Monsieur could not go beyond the park limits except on Sunday, — a day on which the law permits no arrests to be made.

The apartment set apart for Monsieur was that of the kings of Scotland. He established himself in it, accompanied only by Comte François Descars and the Chevalier de Puységur. As soon as it became known for

what reason Monsieur was obliged to remain in Scotland, many persons who were attached to him came there from Russia, from Germany, and from London. Among them were the Comte and Comtesse, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Vaudreuil, the Comte de Coigny, father of the pretty Duchesse de Fleury, the Baron de Rolles, Mesdames de Page, de Poulpry, the Duchesse de Guiche with her husband, and the Vicomtesse de Polastron, her aunt, Armand de Polignac, the Marquis de Polignac, and many others.

Just as we were thinking of leaving Dover, my husband received a kind and pressing letter from Monsieur, asking us to come and join him in his solitude. We decided to go at once. My mother went first, and we followed shortly after, M. de Gontaut driving a little phaeton, in which were bestowed my two daughters, my maid, and myself, with only one horse for us all; this is how we undertook that long journey from Dover to Edinburgh, which lasted a fortnight. Occasionally we would rest for a day, either to enjoy the sight of a fine park or a Catholic church. I thought the journey delightful. My dear children, you will call me an optimist, I am sure, satisfied with whatever comes. Well, I confess it; and it is a gift from Heaven for which I give thanks to God.

I must confess, however, that the arrival at Edinburgh was dismal enough. Holyrood House is situated in the very heart of the old town, the worst and most unhealthy quarter of Edinburgh. This palace, dark and gloomy

and guarded like a citadel, seemed to me like a prison.

Monsieur saw us arrive in the courtyard with our equipage, and came to meet us with the frank graciousness peculiar to him, thanking us for having undertaken this journey on his account. I was tempted to throw myself on my knees before him, so greatly was I touched by his calm and noble resignation. He said to me: "Your mother is awaiting you. I am not in my own house, and consequently cannot ask my friends to come to me; but I do ask them not to establish themselves very far away. That is your lodging, in the square; we have a little French colony there, and, by the grace of God, the days will pass." He asked my husband to come and dine with him whenever he liked; but having a very modest establishment, he only invited ladies to tea in the evening.

An arrival was an event, and all the greatest families of that noble Scotland hastened to greet us. I made it my duty, as it was also my pleasure, to attend the *soirées* of our Prince. The Duc de Berry arrived soon after we did, with several Frenchmen. He loved music, and we had a good deal of it. The Vicomtesse de Vaudreuil, who was a good musician, sang very agreeably. He took it into his head to have little comedies played, — the first for Monsieur's birthday, and then one for his *fête*-day. The Vicomtesse was quite ready to accept the principal parts, which she played delightfully. Pious as an angel, but indulgent as virtue itself, she was

ready for anything which would give pleasure to others. She passed through life reverenced by all who knew her, and not a shade of malice ever troubled for an instant the peace of that noble heart.

My mother lived with us in our house opposite the palace; on one side were the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche and Madame de Polastron; a little farther off, Madame de Poulpry, Madame de Lage, and the two Polignacs, etc.

Monsieur had a carriage which he lent to *every one*, reserving it for himself only on Sunday; then he was out from morning till night. He was invited everywhere, and every one was eager to welcome him. The good and excellent Scotch people looked upon a visit from him as an honour, a great festival.

Our little plays amused Monsieur as much as they did us; to my great misfortune, I always had a part which I never knew, for in all my life I never could learn anything by heart. I listened, I found out the subject of conversation, and then I rushed in headlong, which amused the public greatly, but plunged my interlocutor into despair.

The Duc de Berry did not remain very long at Edinburgh. The King, Louis XVIII., being very fond of him, wished to see him, and he rejoined the royal family at Mittau. His evenings there were passed more soberly.

The year passed away without any important event which has remained in my memory, though I must

make one exception. Monsieur wished for an almoner, and he consulted the Vicomtesse de Vaudreuil.

"I want," he said, "a pious and simple abbé, without *any pretensions*, who will dine with my first valet-de-chambre, M. Belleville, who is one of the best of men. We will settle what his duties are to be; but he must never expect to act as my confessor, since for that important function I prefer a good Scotch Catholic who is a stranger to intrigues and ignorant of politics."

"I have found precisely what Monsieur desires," replied the Vicomtesse de Vaudreuil. "Two old Demoiselles de Boyne (sisters of the former Minister of the Marine, and aunts of the Dowager Comtesse de Bourbon-Busset) have with them a young priest who must be poor. He is well known to our family, and will be only too glad to take the position you offer him."

Monsieur begged the Vicomtesse to send for him. He was called Latil, and afterwards became a cardinal.

The upright and skilful men of the law employed by our Prince at length succeeded in setting at liberty the noble prisoner of Holyrood, as there was no proof sufficient to justify the demand for such enormous sums, and the suit was suspended.

Monsieur was thus enabled to go himself to express his thanks to the illustrious chiefs of the Scottish clans for the kindnesses which they had unceasingly lavished upon him during the year of his sojourn at Edinburgh, where he had won the admiration of all by

the lofty patience with which he had borne his misfortunes.

Monsieur departed to establish himself in London, and the little circle of Holyrood prepared to follow him.

My mother had had news from her mother which permitted her to hope for a happier future; she received the confirmation of this hope in the announcement of the effacement of her name from the fatal list. She decided then to follow the little colony, and we separated, with mutual promises to meet again soon in London or Paris. Paris held a place very deep down in all our hearts, as hope is at the summit of the cross, as M. de Ravignan expresses it.

It is with the tenderest feelings of gratitude that I recall the repeated proofs of friendship which we have received in Scotland at different periods; time and absence did not in the least change the hearts of those who were devoted to us.

After the departure of our French society, M. de Gontaut consented to take for a year an apartment in the finest part of the new and beautiful town of Edinburgh.

We often went to Dalkeith, a fine place, where the Dowager-Duchess of Buccleugh received us with the benevolent grandeur of the *châtelaine* of the olden time. Her daughter-in-law, Lady Dalkeith, mother of the present Duke of Buccleugh, devoted herself to our entertainment.

I ought to remind you here, my dear children, of three sisters who became for me sisters in affection. You have heard me speak of them continually, — Lady Hampden, Lady Wedderburn, and Lady Hope; the tender affection of the two eldest for me ceased only with their lives, and the younger, Lady Hope, still deigns to preserve for me a warm friendship.

When Fate took me back to Scotland twenty-four years later, I found there the same affection, the same kindness; it is not given to every nation to keep alive in the heart the sacred fire of friendship.

It was now easy to get news from France in London. M. de Gontaut thought the time had come for us to make some effort towards re-establishing ourselves in France. Everything was said to be tranquil, and the *émigrés* were even hoping to recover something from the wreck of their fortunes. The First Consul, it was said, was trying to attach the clergy to himself, having already gained the army. M. de Gontaut thought it was his duty to think seriously of his children's future, and our departure was decided upon.

We arrived in London. Already our friends had formed for us a plan which seemed to us not only reasonable but agreeable, — that of establishing ourselves in the most fashionable quarter, which at the same time would be the most advantageous for ourselves, as in case of our absence we could let our lodging, and so recompense ourselves for the expenses to which the doctors condemned us by ordering for our children sea-bathing, the waters of Tunbridge Wells, etc.

We followed this sensible advice, and took a pretty little house near the Park, thus finding ourselves in the midst of that agreeable circle of friends whom we were so glad to meet again. We found there Mr. and Mrs. Villiers (now become Lord and Lady Clarendon by the death of their elder brother), my beloved Lady Charlotte Greville, etc. I will not repeat here the list of friends whom you already know, who had been so good as to remember us.

Established in London under that good star which never forsook us, we found ourselves petted there as we had been in Edinburgh, and we led a very pleasant life; the mornings were devoted to our children, and the evenings to our friends, whom we also sometimes visited in the country. I was very happy at Bulstrode, where the Duke of Portland was exceedingly kind to us. I often went to see Lady Templeton; and thus another year passed happily and peacefully away.

During one of my visits to Bulstrode, Miss Townsend, a friend of Lady Mary Bentinck, came to make her a visit; she talked a great deal about the court and the princesses, and told me that the Princess Mary wished to make my acquaintance. I wished very much to see Windsor. Miss Townsend, who was governess at the Castle, offered to receive us there, and the party was arranged; they were good enough to allow me to take my little daughters with me. Miss Upton accompanied us.

Princess Mary received us very kindly. When I

heard that the King of England was going to walk on the terrace, I expressed a great desire to see him. Princess Mary assured us that we could do so without infringing the rules of etiquette.

When George III. saw Miss Townsend, he came up to us, and asked me if I were any relation to the Maréchal Duc de Biron. I replied that he was my husband's uncle. He looked at my two little girls, saw that they were twins, and measured them with his cane; and all this with so much kindness and good nature that it banished all the stiffness pertaining to courts, and put me quite at my ease. He said to my children, "It is a pity, Mesdemoiselles, that, as you bear the name of Biron, you are not boys; the English nation ought to be very grateful to your family."

As he saw by my look of surprise that I knew no reason for this, he said to me, —

"At the time when the American Revolution broke out (by the way, one Republic is more than I care to know about; I do not wish to know two), Admiral Rodney was arrested in Paris for debt, and an article appeared in an English paper which was very insulting to your country, insinuating that as Admiral de Suffren was not in any respect the equal of Admiral Rodney, the French, fearing his talent, had taken this method of making him a prisoner. The Maréchal, indignant at this insult to France, went straight to Versailles to entreat Louis XVI. to permit him instantly to pay Admiral Rodney's creditors, and to give him the satis-

faction of being able to release the Admiral from his prison and to set him at liberty, and thus to prove to the English nation that Suffren was hoping and expecting to meet him, and that France was incapable of such baseness. The King not only approved of the step the Maréchal had taken, but said to him: 'I envy you for having had this noble thought; it is quite French, and worthy of you.' The Maréchal, having had no doubt of the King's assent, had already in his carriage the sum necessary to pay the Admiral's debts; furnished with the order of the King, he went himself to open the prison doors, and Lord Rodney, happy and grateful, took his departure. A short time after, he was at his post in the midst of his fleet and officers, who could not but admire the chivalry of this noble action."

Soon after our presentation, King George III. charged the Duke of Portland to make known to both Houses the incident which he had related to us, desiring that a pension should be granted for life to the nieces of the Maréchal de Biron, as a token of the gratitude of the nation. His Majesty's communication was received with great applause; the Duke reported this to the King, who told him to give us an account of this outburst of admiration, which was so honourable to our family. The Duke came to tell us this, still wearing his court dress just as he had left the council chamber, and took charge of a letter from me to the King.

At this moment I happen to recall an incident which will give you an idea of the munificence of the *seigneurs* of that period.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia, when they went to travel in foreign countries, took the name of the Comte and Comtesse du Nord. The Comte wishing to be present at a review of the regiment of French Guards one day, the Maréchal de Biron offered him his best horse, which the Comte declared was the best he had ever ridden. When he reached St. Petersburg, on his return, the Grand Duke found this same horse, with three *chasseurs* in the gala livery of the Maréchal, awaiting him. The first *chasseur*, hat in hand, was holding the bridle; the second, with knee to the ground, presented the stirrup; while the third held in his hand a most respectful letter of homage. Such was the politeness of those days.

It was in remembrance of this attention that the Emperor Paul I. of Russia, many years after, having learned that the nieces of the Maréchal de Biron were wandering about the Continent seeking a refuge, gave the order that one should be offered to us in St. Petersburg. We did not profit by it, however, for my mother only heard of it in England, and our friends there had already offered us consolation.

CHAPTER IV.

Departure of M. de Gontaut for France. — Cheltenham and Wellington. — Madame de Polastron. — My Mother's Return to London. — Politeness of the Prince Regent. — Interview between Monsieur and Pitt. — Masquerade and Lady Hester Stanhope. — Mr. Fulton. — Education and Portrait of my Daughters.

UPON his return from Scotland, M. de Gontaut began to hope that he might be able to obtain the erasure of his name from the proscription list, and shortly after this hope was fulfilled. Having received the passports necessary for his journey, he left me with the friends who had never ceased to lavish upon us proofs of their affection, and who assured him that during his absence and that of my mother I should be most tenderly cared for.

Lady Templeton was planning a trip to Cheltenham, and I had promised to accompany her, as the doctors had ordered the waters of Tunbridge for Charlotte. (This second plan was to follow the first.) My devoted friend, Miss Upton, promised to join me there later, and to spend a part of the winter with me. Her mother, the Dowager Lady Templeton, held out the hope of coming herself, as well as Lord and Lady Bristol. As these journeys would greatly increase our expenses, we de-

cided to let our apartment in London until the return of my mother or of M. de Gontaut. This arrangement, which we made together, made him much more comfortable about leaving England, confiding all those who were dearest to him to the affection of our friends. After his departure, my children and I joined Lady Templeton at Cheltenham.

Lady Templeton possessed to perfection the art of making home charming; easy and gracious, she was delighted to have us with her, and looked forward with great pleasure to this quiet and peaceful life; for though very amiable, she was rather indolent, and talked very little.

We portioned out our hours for the day, in which music held a great part. Miss Upton had a delicious voice, and sang French and Italian songs like an *artiste*. I undertook to do the reading aloud, and we made ample provision of books. In the evenings, sitting quietly on the terrace of our pretty house in the moonlight, — my companions were very fond of this *astre de mélancolie*, — Miss Upton charmed us with her singing. We promised ourselves a great deal of this pleasure in our *solitude à trois*.

Miss Upton was very warm-hearted, and she was devoted to me. I was very grateful for this, and greatly touched by it; but it was not given to every one to be able to appreciate this really admirable woman. She detested society; and eager as she was to please those whom she liked, she took no pains to conceal her abso-

lute indifference to all the rest of mankind. In our solitude she was charming, witty, and *piquante;* but fond as I was of her, I could not but feel grieved at the dislike she showed to certain persons who were not in her set, and who tried to show me kindness. This was the shadow which sometimes clouded the brightness of our friendship. For instance, one day at breakfast I received a letter from Lady Mornington, the sister-in-law of the Marquis of Wellesley, recommending to my kind offices her brother-in-law, Arthur Wellesley, who was coming to Cheltenham to rest on the laurels he had been gaining in India. "He knows nobody," wrote Lady Mornington, "and it will be a charity if you will pay him some attention; so I trust him to your kindness and your friendship for me."

He was to arrive that very day; and in visiting me he would have the pleasure also of making the acquaintance of Lady Templeton and Miss Upton.

Nothing on earth would have induced me to fail in honouring this recommendation of my friend. I announced my intention of setting off at once to find this person, who was brother or brother-in-law to all the Wellesleys, of whom I was very fond. My companions, however, were very far from sharing my enthusiasm. Lady Templeton's indolence took alarm, and Miss Upton's jealousy awoke. They were both greatly disturbed *at the idea of having this man, whom nobody knew, imposed upon them.* "It would be a horrible bore," they said; and thereupon discord arose between us,

reminding me of the fable of my childhood: "*Des poules vivaient en paix, un coq survint,*" etc.

Without listening to their grumbling, however, I set off for the pump-room to look for the new arrival. With great difficulty I at length succeeded in persuading Miss Upton to accompany me. I proceeded straight to the pump-room, where I went to look at the list of arrivals. I found the name of Wellesley, and read it aloud, so that Miss Upton could hear it; but she did not say a word. A stranger, standing beside me, was also reading the list; he put his finger upon a name, smiled, and looking at me, said, "Madame de Gontaut." Nothing could be more piquant: we had never met, and yet we knew each other at once.

Miss Upton would have been glad to slip away, but there was no escape for her. I set Mr. Wellesley at ease by proposing to introduce him to Lady Templeton, and I presented him to Miss Upton forthwith; but my disdainful companion would not open her lips. We set off on our way home; he offered me his arm and I accepted it, when all at once my garter dropped off and fell at Mr. Wellesley's feet. Fancy losing one's garter in a public street, in broad daylight, and in England of all places in the world! I must confess that I was covered with blushes. He picked it up, and with a gracious smile and an air of perfect breeding, said, "If ever there were occasion to say, '*Honni soit qui mal y pense,*' this is it."

Miss Upton whispered in my ear, "How fortunate

that it was a new one!" I replied: "I should think so, indeed."

My introduction was made; Lady Templeton resigned herself, Miss Upton came round by degrees, and as for me, I did my best for the entertainment of our agreeable guest. After the first few minutes of awkwardness, Mr. Wellesley grew confidential, and informed me that he considered himself very fortunate to find at Cheltenham a lady of whom he had heard so much from all his family. Lady Templeton invited him to come and dine with us every day. Miss Upton sang, and he was charmed with her voice. I found his frankness and straightforwardness delightful. He told us about India, but he never spoke of his victories, of which all our letters were full; but he allowed us to question him, and the stories which we beguiled this man, who had gained so much distinction, into telling us, went straight to our hearts.

During one of our walks he confided to me a trouble which was disturbing him greatly; but I will give it in his own words: —

"In a few days I shall leave Cheltenham on account of a very grave matter which will decide my whole future life. When I was very young I became attached to a Miss Packenham, a very nice person, pretty and sweet, and we became engaged. We were both very young. I had an ardent desire to enter the army, and I was obliged to leave her, though we both cherished the hope of being one day reunited. Years passed, and

in the mean time Miss Packenham had the small-pox. She wrote to me that, remembering our promise, she must warn me that she had lost her beauty. It appeared that the small-pox, while destroying her beauty, had not deprived her of her memory." His manner of saying this was so peculiar and so like him that I could not help laughing. "But she has my promise, and my honour demands that I should keep it; it was rather fine of her, too, to write to me with so much simplicity and truth. So I shall start for Ireland at once; I have very little time to lose. Perhaps I shall come back this way, alone or with her."

He went, and they returned together, she in the carriage alone, and he on the box.

My *protégé* of Cheltenham became — the Duke of Wellington! My father's *protégé* at the *École militaire* was — the Emperor Napoleon!

After our stay at Cheltenham and a pleasant winter at Tunbridge with the family of Lord and Lady Bristol, the Dowager Lady Templeton, and my dear Sophie Upton, I went to make a visit at Bulstrode, where I always liked to stay with my dear Lady Charlotte Greville and her good sister, Lady Mary Bentinck. I was obliged to pass through London, and there I found a letter from my mother, who wrote despondingly with regard to her own health and the condition of her cousin in London. She urged me to come and take her place beside this poor cousin, whom she lamented not being able to nurse. I found her suffering and greatly changed, only the shadow of her former self.

The time has now come, my dear children, when it is necessary to tell you the whole truth concerning this poor Madame de Polastron, who has been sometimes severely judged, rarely pitied, and who has always been very unhappy. Do not judge her harshly, but hope, as I do, that the mercy of God will be granted to her who has suffered so much.

Louise de Lussan d'Esparbès lost her mother very shortly after her birth. The Comtesse d'Esparbès, with her husband's consent, confided to the care of my grandmother this child, for whose sake she regretted that her life should be cut short. The little Louise was received with tenderness, and was affectionately cared for by my mother, who was some years older than she. The Comte d'Esparbès, who was young and rather gay, was very glad to be relieved of the *rôle* of guardian to a young girl.

When Louise was twelve years old, it became necessary to put her into a convent for the period of her first communion, according to the custom of the time. M. d'Esparbès was consulted, and he gave his preference for the convent of Panthemont, saying that "this convent would be his choice, as every one whom he knew had been educated there." My grandmother felt that a less worldly retreat would have been better.

Louise, good, gentle, and timid, became the favourite pupil of the nuns at Panthemont. Although she was quite happy there, she looked back with regret to the days spent with my grandmother and my sweet mother.

When Louise had reached her seventeenth year, M. d'Esparbès began to think about marrying his daughter, who was a good match, and who was already being talked of in society. The Duchesse de Polignac, *gouvernante* of the Children of France, had thought of her for her brother, the Vicomte de Polastron. She spoke of this marriage to M. d'Esparbès with such perfect grace and charm that he agreed without difficulty to everything the Duchesse said, even promising his daughter's consent.

It seems that at this period young girls never thought it possible that they should oppose themselves to their father's will, which once expressed was for them an accomplished fact.

It was agreed that the Vicomte de Polastron should be presented to Mademoiselle d'Esparbès by the Duchesse de Polignac, who came to the convent for the interview. Louise dared not raise her eyes to her suitor's face, and he, on his side, took very good care not to speak; so it was left for the Duchesse to say, with a charming smile: "Now that everything is settled, and *the young people like each other*, we must begin to make preparations for the marriage. It will take place at Versailles. I have obtained the position of lady-in-waiting to the Queen for my charming sister-in-law, with an apartment in the palace. We shall be always together; she shall be not only a sister to me, but a cherished child. I love to think that with us she cannot fail to be happy." M. d'Esparbès took very good care to express no doubt of this.

The Vicomte de Polastron, then Lieutenant-Colonel, was promoted to the rank of colonel, at the request of M. d'Esparbès. It was settled that he should take command of his new regiment on the day of his marriage, and should not return to Versailles until a year later. In those days, this was often the way young couples made each other's acquaintance.

My mother, who idolised Louise, promised that she would be with her as much as possible, that she would be present at her marriage and at her presentation at court. In short, she did her utmost to keep up her courage, for she had read that gentle spirit, and had seen that the splendours held out before her had not the power to dazzle her. The marriage was celebrated rather quietly, only a few persons being present. The Duchesse de Guiche, daughter of the Duchesse de Polignac, who was sweet, gay, charming, and very kind-hearted, was full of attention for the young girl. M. de Polastron took his departure as soon as the ceremony was completed. He seemed to Louise rather simple, withdrawing into the background, and greatly occupied with his *début* before the regiment of which he was about to take command.

Then came the preparations for the presentation; Mesdemoiselles Bertin and Léonard were set to work. Vestris was summoned, and began his instructions. The young *débutante* must learn to enter and leave the room, to bow and to courtesy, to make a feint of kissing the hem of the Queen's robes.

"Let us suppose this is the place you are to occupy, Madame. When her Majesty approaches in order to embrace you, you must appear to be overwhelmed with gratitude, and must try to take her hand, which she will withdraw. Remember that all this must be accomplished with perfect grace, with your elbow well rounded. Remember that all eyes will be upon you, and that Vestris *père* is your master."

The Duchesse de Polignac, accompanied by her daughter, the Duchesse de Guiche, and my mother, presented the bride. The presentation took place on Sunday at noon, after the King's mass, in the large apartments, before the Princes, their households, and all the court. The Duchesse de Polignac and her daughter had never looked more beautiful, my mother never had been prettier. Louise, pale and trembling, ready to faint from sheer terror, had forgotten her gratitude, had forgotten to make her courtesy, to kiss the hem of the robe, — had forgotten everything, in short.

A murmur of admiration greeted the two duchesses; of the bride they spoke in whispers. The Queen approached to embrace her, but she remained motionless and awkward. Every one perceived it and remarked upon it, and she heard them. One person alone thought her timidity interesting, one person alone felt compassion for her. It was the Comte d'Artois. She perceived this at a glance, and would have given worlds to have been able to say, "Monseigneur, I am suffering,

and you alone understand it. Monseigneur, you were not so cruel as to laugh when I was ready to faint with terror and shame. Oh, may Heaven bless you for it!"

The following day, at the Duchesse de Polignac's, she was left to herself, for she had been a failure. The Comte d'Artois approached her, and spoke kindly to her. His gracious and encouraging words overwhelmed her too much to permit her to respond; and this was generally remarked, for nothing ever passes unobserved among courtiers.

Madame de Polastron was very agreeable, without being pretty; her figure was slender and supple, and her expression was mournful and touching. She was too timid to speak very loud; but her voice had a wonderful charm, and she expressed herself with simplicity and grace. She was neither humble nor arrogant, but was very retiring; and to know her it was necessary to make an effort to draw her out.

The Prince, who had felt compassion for her, sought her out and made this effort.

The Comte d'Artois was at that time the idol of that graceful and frivolous court; amiable, gay, and inconstant, he was the life and soul of it. Accustomed to easy conquests, he experienced in the presence of Madame de Polastron a new sentiment, the nature of which he did not understand; this sincere modesty inspired him with a certain respect, which he frankly avowed, and he even said, with a sweet smile, "You overawe me, Madame."

The sudden and entire change in the habits of the Comte d'Artois was commented upon by every one. He spent all his evenings in the apartments of the Duchesse de Polignac, and declared too openly that they were the happiest moments of his life. The Queen, delighted at seeing him oftener, told him how pleased she was; but it was not long before malevolence opened the sovereign's eyes. Speaking one day to Madame de Polastron of her apartment, she said: "You must take care, Louise; the gratings of the Duchesse de Navailles are no longer there."

The poor, innocent young thing did not understand what the Queen had said aloud, and what every one else repeated in whispers.

My mother loved her and watched over her, but her limited experience could not enlighten her, either with regard to the dangers or the sentiments of her cousin; married herself for several years, but entirely devoted to the cares of her family, she knew but little of the world, which she viewed only through the prison of her own innocence and purity.

My mother often met the Comte d'Artois at the Duchesse de Polignac's, and she had observed his regard for Louise; feeling that she merited it by her noble and simple conduct, she would have felt as though she were committing a sin if she had attached to this regard the slightest suspicion of gallantry.

M. de Polastron returned from his regiment, and another room was added to the apartment of his wife.

Far from being dazzled by the position at court of his sister, entirely insensible to the charms of his wife, he bitterly regretted his regiment, found himself bored at Versailles and even at Paris, and took no pains to conceal the fact. He was not liked, because he had the singular perversity of not trying to make himself agreeable; and thus passed the second year of Madame de Polastron's marriage.

She had a son, to whom Louis XVI. and the Queen stood as sponsors; they named him Louis. This great happiness reconciled Louise to life, which hitherto, as she said, had had but few charms for her.

Louise, growing more accustomed to the great world, gradually became less timid. She was always good and modest, and as she made more efforts to please, people recognised the improvement in her, and she was much more sought after. As the Comte d'Artois got into the habit of seeing her constantly, he became bolder; he ventured to make her understand that in order to obtain her approbation, no sacrifice would be too great for him, and so on, — in short, all the commonplace phrases of the man of gallantry were brought into play. Poor Louise, to whom this language was entirely new, was greatly touched by it; and perhaps the Prince himself meant it all in good faith. However that may have been, Louise believed in him. He ventured to write to her. Louise, greatly agitated, confided in my mother, who, terrified at this first step, induced her to send back the letter. Louise, who was as pure as an

angel, opened her heart to her sister-in-law and to the Queen, who permitted her to establish herself at Paris, and to come to Versailles only for those days when she was in waiting. Her departure was a source of regret in the circle of her intimate friends, and was an event for the courtiers; and very soon all Paris was filled with the news that Madame de Polastron was exiled, and Monseigneur was in despair.

The Comte d'Artois was dejected and hurt by this removal which the Queen had sanctioned; the more obstacles he encountered, the more ardently he tried to overcome them. He took care to let Louise know that he would seize every opportunity to meet her, that even if he could not speak to her he would see her at any price.

My mother had a box at the Opéra, in the first tier above the stage. The Comte d'Artois knew her day for visiting the theatre. He left Versailles with the Chevalier de Crussol, went to Saint Cloud, where he left his carriage, taking a fiacre instead, and disguised himself in every possible way, with a huge powdered wig, an embroidered cravat, a redingote, and a three-cornered hat. He arrived at the Opéra. The play had begun; they went into the parterre, which at that time was very cheap, and had only standing-room. Their entrance made a great commotion, and they looked up and discovered Madame de Polastron and my mother. In spite of his great wig, the Comte d'Artois was recognised; people made way for him; they formed a circle

round him, and he found himself alone in the centre of the crowd with the Chevalier de Crussol. One forward person penetrated his incognito, and cried out, "Make room for Monseigneur!" The others laughed and applauded. There was nothing left for him to do but to throw aside hat and wig, to laugh, and make his escape. The French populace adores good nature; at that time the Princes were very popular, so they joined in the laugh, and the whole audience applauded. Louise fled into the back of the box and hid herself, overwhelmed with shame. My mother was furious.

Louise passed several years in imploring from Heaven peace for her weary spirit, and strength to resist all temptation that could disturb that peace. But evil times were approaching. Every one was rallying around the court; Louise returned thither also; it was not a time for gallantry now, — it was a time for alarm and foreboding.

Do not fear, my children, that you will find here a repetition of what I have already told you; I shall simply indicate the dates, which are indispensable in order to follow the thread of the facts as they recur to my memory.

It was now 1789, at the period when the States-General constituted themselves a National Assembly, and arrogated to themselves the possession of all powers. It is from this that the Revolution may be dated. The French, the faithful friends of the King, grouped themselves around the throne, of which even then only a

shadow remained. Every day brought a fresh misfortune. Presently the Bastille was taken, and on the sixth of October the royal family left Versailles and were carried into Paris. The Duchesse de Polignac and her family had been obliged to fly from the fury of the mob. Madame de Polastron joined the Queen, who commanded her to return to my mother, and advised her to join the Duchesse de Polignac as soon as she could manage to escape from France. M. de Polastron was with his regiment, thinking he might be useful there.

The alarm became general; people flocked to the frontier, hoping by the force of numbers to be able to save the King and France; it was thus that the emigration of all the nobility began.

Already the Comte d'Artois had proclaimed the Prince de Condé, whose name in itself was a rallying point for all, general-in-chief of the coalition of the nobles; the Ducs d'Angoulême, de Berry, de Bourbon, and d'Enghien were to serve under his orders. The courageous deeds of the army of Condé will be handed down to posterity.

Money was wanting, and the Princes could not obtain even that which was due to them; they had already sold their last diamonds; terror had seized upon all hearts, but self-devotion still existed. Louise was inspired with enthusiasm. To assist the Comte d'Artois became her sole hope, her one idea. Her grandfather was rich, and still in possession of her dowry. She

went on her knees to him to induce him to give it to her, describing to him graphically the position of the Princes and the army. The good man gave her all he could, and borrowed also immense sums of the farmers-general, who were at that time still millionnaires. Louise, happy and hopeful, departed loaded with gold, with her son, her maid, and a faithful servant. After many difficulties and dangers, she at length succeeded in passing the frontier; but then she no longer knew where to turn her steps. She dared not make inquiries, and trembled at the thought of mentioning the man for whom she had never ceased to pray. At last she reached the army of Condé; then, in her happiness, she no longer thought of concealment — to find Monseigneur represented salvation to her. Poor Louise! What a sensation her arrival created! Every one flocked round her carriage, and recognised her. Monseigneur did not understand at once what had brought her, and questioned her; astonished at finding so much devotion, resolution, and courage in that timid soul, he was greatly touched, and overwhelmed with gratitude. But already he foresaw for her the consequences of her imprudence. He thanked her *in the name of all* for the assistance she had afforded them, and then, taking off his hat, he respectfully asked what her orders were. There was a profound silence; every one uncovered, following his example. Louise, who had grown calmer, perceived what was expected of her.

"To find some shelter," she said, — "a hut, a bed of straw, but *far away* and *alone*."

They gave her an escort, and she departed, with a heart full of gratitude for having been able to render a service to Monseigneur; but she soon had reason to fear that she had purchased this happiness at the price of eternal shame, for as she drove away she heard a name applied to her by the crowd to which public opinion gave only too much credence.

Poor unhappy Louise! Even while admiring the loftiness of her attachment, they believed that she had sacrificed her honour.

Madame de Polastron found her sister-in-law at Turin; they travelled together to Germany, where they separated. Madame de Polignac went to Russia, and the little colony of women turned in the direction of Coblentz, where we shall find them again.

After Coblentz, of which I have already spoken, we approached France. We heard the guns of Thionville, we found ourselves in the midst of a retreat, and we separated from the others, my mother and I to go into Holland, the rest of the colony to Mittau. It was there that the Duchesse de Polignac welcomed back her desolate family. Louis XVIII. and the Princes were at Mittau. After the death of the beautiful and unfortunate Duchesse de Polignac, the Princes went to Scotland. Louis XVIII. was not permitted to accompany his brother thither. He kept with him the Dauphin and the Dauphiness.

It was in Scotland, therefore, that my mother met her cousin again; but now she was sad and unhappy, for she felt that she was more than ever compromised. She shrank from observation; she was no longer the timid *débutante*, but a woman stained in her own eyes and in those of the world; but, alas! only through too great self-devotion. My mother was in despair; but sweet and loving as she was by nature, she felt compassion for her unhappy cousin, and devoted herself to her.

A year passed thus in Scotland, and after the departure of my mother for Paris, and that of Monsieur for London, I did not see my cousin again until two years later, on my return from Tunbridge. I was greatly shocked at finding her changed almost beyond recognition. The people about her did not seem to me to realise her condition; her incessant cough and the low fever hanging about her were only too well-known symptoms. She was badly lodged, with Madame de Lage and Madame de Poulpry; but her little *salon* was nevertheless the rendezvous of the Prince's circle. He played whist there every evening with the Comte de Vaudreuil, the Maréchal de Vioménil, the Duc and Duchesse de Coigny, the Duc and Duchesse de Grammont and their daughters, and many other *émigrés*. The Duc de Berry often came there. Monsieur was then leading a life which suited him admirably. He exerted himself to make these *soirées* agreeable.

I had been hardly a week in London before I realised fully the condition of Madame de Polastron. I spoke

about her to her physician, who seemed to me rather indifferent. He was called Father Elisée. I wrote to my mother how anxious I felt, and she replied by urging me to watch over my poor cousin, and closed her letter by recommending to me not only her health, but more particularly the care for her soul. As my grandmother was very ill, she could not possibly leave her.

I have often observed that the persons who are most attached to an invalid are generally the ones who are most blind to the patient's danger. No one would believe there was any danger for poor Louise; she never complained; she would not for the world have interfered with those evenings which Monsieur enjoyed so much. "And besides," they said, "where would she be any better off?" Monseigneur was blind; comparing each day with the previous one, he could see no difference. Her *salon* in the evening was stifling, her bedroom cold and badly situated, with a northern aspect.

I talked about these things constantly, and only succeeded in making myself a bore to every one; but I would not allow myself to be discouraged. I urged that another physician might be called in besides this father, who only ordered *tisanes* and hoped for spring weather. I did succeed in getting another and more spacious apartment, and I hoped for some improvement, in which every one joined me, for she was greatly beloved; but they all found it easier to make no change in their usual habits, for friendship is as selfish as love, and both are equally blind.

The slow fever increased, and I could see that Louise longed for my mother. I encouraged her to confide in me, and she did so at last. Thinking as I did that the treatment was not what it should be, I urged her to consult the physician of King George III. It was the one I had had for my children and who was said to be very skilful, Sir Henry Halford.

"I should like to try him," she said, "but it would make Monsieur uneasy. Besides, he is accustomed to this man, and nothing would be more disagreeable to him than to make a change; he will never consent to it." I assured Madame de Polastron that if I told Monsieur that my mother advised it, he would consent. I did so, and gained his consent.

Sir Henry was called in. He made a thorough examination of the poor invalid, questioned her, and seemed to be interested in her condition. She was greatly touched, and asked him to come often. He promised her that he would. He said to me as he was leaving the room, —

"I wish to speak to that gentleman downstairs; I must speak to some one about this poor patient of mine."

Monsieur was expecting him. Sir Henry asked me to remain during the interview, fearing that he might not speak French well enough to be understood, and then he said, —

"Monsieur, the patient whom I have just seen is in the last stage of consumption, and I greatly fear that it is too late to do anything for her; but if there is any

one who is interested in this lady, I must say to him that there is not a day to be lost."

Monsieur turned deathly pale.

"Every one is interested in her," he said, greatly shocked. "Tell me what is to be done. Do anything in the world to save her!"

"In the first place, the Vicomtesse must be taken to the country and lodged near a stable for cows; and it must be done immediately, for she is already raising blood. And more than this, she must have perfect quiet, no agitation at all."

Sir Henry took upon himself to find such an establishment, and promised to come every day. He had seen and understood the anguish of "this good Monsieur," for whom he felt compassion. Sir Henry's words had cut him to the heart, and his eyes were opened at last. He understood all that poor Louise had suffered without a complaint or a single reproach. He was in despair, and I could not but pity him. It was agreed that he should not allow her to see how anxious he was until she was established at Brompton.

Then began for me a cruel task,— that of withdrawing Monsieur from his poor victim. I spoke of his honour; he understood me, and resigned himself.

I devoted myself to my work, doing my best not to startle Louise; and for the sake of my mother she at length consented to let me read her thoughts. I succeeded in soothing the poor troubled spirit, and gained what I ardently desired, — permission to admit to our

readings and conversations an ecclesiastic more enlightened than I, and one who would know how to point out to her the true remedy for the soul. I could see that she wished for this as much as I did, but that she feared to make Monsieur anxious. I promised to speak to him in the name of my mother, and soon I was able to announce to her that I had met with no opposition from him. Monsieur was willing that Madame de Polastron should see the Abbé de Latil, since she desired it. He was summoned. When he spoke to her of the Divine Goodness, she seemed to suffer less. Nothing could be more touching than these conversations of a compassionate ecclesiastic with a poor penitent returning submissively to the Heavenly Father. But he demanded one sacrifice of her,— that she should not see Monsieur again. She yielded, asking only that she might see him in the hour of death.

She had a favour to ask, she said. She confided this to the Abbé, who gave his consent.

M. de Latil considered it necessary to speak frankly to Monsieur concerning his relations with Madame de Polastron, and the scandal to which they had given rise. He did not ask for a public reparation, but he made him feel that it would be better for him to go away until that hour which was only too rapidly approaching. Monsieur understood the gravity of the present situation; he was suffering greatly, and he submitted to whatever M. de Latil thought fit to impose.

"A temporary absence," said the Abbé. "I entreat

Monsieur to go into the country. He shall see our poor penitent once more; she desires it herself, for she has one word to say to him, one favour to ask, but this can only be at the last hour."

The Abbé spoke peremptorily. Monseigneur, feeling that it was only right that he should bear it, consented to go, and to wait until he should be summoned by the Abbé.

The condition of the patient grew worse. Feeling that she was losing her strength, she asked M. de Latil to call in her friends, who had not ceased to show their interest in her, and her servants, who loved her.

In a low and trembling voice Madame de Polastron asked pardon of them all for the scandal she had caused, blaming herself in simple and touching words. She thanked her friends who had not turned away from her. Then — poor Louise! — she tried to say a word of tenderness to all, leaving to each a little souvenir, with an excuse for its want of value, for she possessed nothing. The Abbé announced that the supreme moment had come, and that, the sick woman being prepared for it, he was about to administer the last rites. All knelt beside the bed; the priest made a touching exhortation, and recited the prayers for the dying. She responded at the moment of the communion and of extreme unction with touching piety. She expressed to M. de Latil her gratitude for his goodness to her. Then they brought in her son, who was in college. She talked to him for some time, and

recommended him to the Duchesse de Coigny, whose mother, Madame d'Andlau, was formerly Mademoiselle de Polastron.

The invalid was exhausted by this time, and every one withdrew. Only the Abbé de Latil remained praying beside her.

The next morning Madame de Polastron was very ill, and Sir Henry ordered perfect quiet. She wished to see me, to talk to me of my mother, and they allowed me to see her. She was calm and tender, but she often grew drowsy.

Her agitation increased. Sir Henry announced that death was approaching, and the Abbé sent to summon Monsieur. He had returned to London, and was awaiting this summons in great anguish of mind.

They opened the doors of the *salon*. Monsieur did not venture to approach. I was beside her, holding her hand, and I could feel how she trembled. She saw Monsieur; he started forward. "Do not come nearer!" said the Abbé, in a firm tone. Monsieur dared not cross the threshold of that room.

Her agitation and restlessness increased. She raised her hands to heaven and said: "A favour, Monsieur, grant me one request: Give yourself to God, surrender yourself entirely to God!" He fell on his knees and said: "As God is my witness, I swear it!" She repeated again, "Entirely to God!"

Her head fell against my shoulder; that word was the last she uttered,— she had ceased to breathe. Mon-

sieur raised his hands to heaven and uttered a horrible cry. They shut the doors, and we all fell on our knees and prayed.

They say that Monsieur's devoted friends took him back to that house in the country where he had spent that cruel week of exile which the Abbé Latil had imposed.[1]

After the sad scenes of which I have just told you, my dear children, I felt myself in need of repose. I sought it with my dear friends Lady Charlotte Greville and Lady Mary Bentinck, and with them my sad heart found rest and peace.

I was very happy at Bulstrode; this pleasant home was particularly attractive that year. Lady Charlotte

[1] This 1st of May, 1853, I read the "Histoire de la Restauration," a book as eloquent as it is interesting. In the second volume, pages 81 and 82, I find the life and death of Madame de Polastron described; and it pains me to see that the story is not exact, — a fact, however, which I can easily explain.

M. de Lamartine was still a child during Madame de Polastron's life, and could not have been more than ten or eleven years old at her death. Of those who were present at that time, there are still living only a woman of ninety, Madame de Poulpry [who died in 1854], and myself, an octogenarian, who, with all the infirmities of age, have the advantage of still being able to recall the past as one remembers in one's youth what has happened the day before. I declare that the story I have just written is true in every particular; but I ask of M. de Lamartine permission to copy the following passage, which is just, and as touching as it is true:

"The Comte d'Artois on his knees repeated this oath to her departed spirit, and he kept it during a long life till he went to his grave, although he was young, handsome, a prince, and a king."

Louis de Polastron, son of M. and Madame de Polastron, entered the army as soon as he was old enough. Lieutenant of an English regiment of cavalry, he was sent to Gibraltar, where he died that same year of yellow fever.

had given birth to a daughter who afterwards became the charming and lovely Lady Ellesmere. I received her in my arms at her birth. My dear daughters were happy also in this lovely place, where I spent a great part of the summer.

In the autumn my mother sent me the very sad tidings of my grandmother's death, but gave me, by way of consolation, the hope of having her with me again soon.

At the time when M. de Gontaut had been obliged to leave us, he had been informed that his presence was necessary to facilitate the removal of the sequestration from his estates in the south of France. His whole fortune then consisted only of the sum placed in the English Funds, and we felt it prudent to continue to practise the strictest economy in our small establishment.

The happy event at Windsor of which I have told you had trebled our income; and when I returned to London to await my mother's arrival, I was able to resume my house and live there, and with her I could not be otherwise than happy.

My mother wished to share with me the care of my daughters' education. Their lessons and their walks occupied our mornings; but in the evenings I could enjoy with a good conscience all the amusements which the society of our dear friends procured for me.

Lady Clarendon lived close by, and it was very rarely that she neglected to inquire if I could make use of her

or her carriage in any way during the day. My Scottish friends, Lady Hampden, Lady Wedderburne, and Lady Hope, had just established themselves in London; Lord Somerville and his two sisters, Lady Mary and Lady Charlotte, Lord and Lady Templeton, Lord and Lady Bristol, and Miss Upton were all in London when I arrived. That year was a very pleasant one for me.

Every fashion becomes a sort of slavery to which one must submit, even in sensible England. At this time Mrs. Siddons and her brother, Mr. Kemble, were at the height of their fame, and Lady Mary, Miss Upton, and I became absolutely infatuated with them and their incomparable acting. I preferred the tragedies of Shakspeare to a ball; I danced badly, but I was a good listener. However, I often went to Lady Salisbury's assemblies; she was very kind to the French, to whom she had taken a great fancy. Monsieur could find a game of whist there always ready for him; the Prince Regent went there a great deal, and was very affable. I will give you an instance of his extreme courtesy and good-breeding.

One evening I was at Lady Salisbury's with Lady Clarendon, who wished to go for a moment to the house of her sister, Lady Maryborough; she said she would come back for me in a few minutes. Not wishing to keep her waiting, I went down into the vestibule. The Prince Regent came down, saw me, and asked if he could serve me in any way. I made a courtesy and excused myself. "If your carriage has not come yet,

pray take mine," he said, offering me his hand. I drew back, and said very respectfully, but with a negative gesture, "I will wait, Monseigneur, if you please."

"Oh, Madame," he said with a gracious smile, "if I venture to offer you my carriage, you may be sure I should get up behind."

At this moment a footman announced to me that Lady Clarendon's carriage was waiting for me; he made his own carriage draw back, and gave me his hand to assist me into mine, opening the door for me himself.

Very few sovereigns would have done this at all, and I know of none who would have done it so gracefully.

After having spent many years at Mittau and in Sweden, Louis XVIII. wished to be nearer Monsieur, and he asked for an asylum in England, as king, which the English ministry declared they could not grant. This matter was still undecided when suddenly it was announced that the King of France was in sight of Yarmouth.

Monsieur rushed to our house, and said: "Pray do me a service: ask Lord Clarendon at what hour Mr. Pitt goes to the council at Windsor, and if he starts from St. James."

I hastened to my friend's, where I found Mr. Pitt just leaving. I obtained the information I wanted, which I conveyed to Monsieur. He started off at once, went straight to the Park, where he waited a long time, till at last he saw the carriage so long looked for. The minister jumped into it and drove away. Monsieur

came up, and by virtue of his rank as Prince commanded the coachman to stop, opened the door, got in, and ordered the postilion to go on.

The minister started up. "Monseigneur is going to Windsor?" he said, in alarm.

"No, but I must speak with you." And he added with a smile, "You have tried to avoid me; but I am sure we shall soon come to an understanding."

The interview was a long one. Monsieur, quite satisfied that the minister was well disposed towards him, at length stopped the carriage, and got out alone on the high road at a late hour and many miles from London. Mr. Pitt was greatly disturbed at this, and that same evening he went to Monsieur's house to inform him that the Duke of Buckingham would lend to the *Comte de Lille* one of his mansions, which would be ready for his reception the next day, and that afterwards the King himself would decide as to the course he would take.

Monsieur went to Yarmouth to receive his brother, accompanied by the Duc d' Orléans, the Comte de Beaujolais, the Prince de Condé, and the Duc de Bourbon. They tried to persuade the King to go to Scotland; but he refused, and the Duke of Buckingham offered him his estate of Goldenfield, in Essex, which he accepted.

The commander of the port had been ordered to pay all the honours to the King compatible with his incognito, and to permit him to do as he pleased.

Several months later the King leased the house

called Hartwell, which he occupied with the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême. Monsieur and the Princes continued to live in London and the neighbourhood, but they made frequent visits to Hartwell.

Lady Hampden's country-seat was not very far from Hartwell, and I often spent several months of the summer there, and during this time the King was so kind as to permit me to dine with him at Hartwell. I often carried to him the latest society news, and did my best to enliven this little court where I was received so kindly. The King liked occasionally to visit Lady Hampden's house, which was very remarkable and contained a fine library, which was placed at his disposal.

The name of Mr. Pitt recalls to my memory a little episode of no especial importance, but which I will relate to you nevertheless. I put down whatever happens to come into my head, without regard to the order of events. You wished it to be so, and I am keeping my word.

You must not judge hastily of customs which are foreign to you, my dear children. You must not compare and confound innocent masquerades in the *salons* of good society with those which are anything but infantile in Paris.

In England, people mask simply for amusement: ten or twenty women get together in a group; sometimes those who are capable of it try to sustain a character, while the others, as a rule, say nothing. There was a party of this sort in a magnificent garden splendidly

illuminated, belonging to a person of my acquaintance, whose name I cannot now recall. Every one was there; I went with Lady Clarendon, her sister, the Misses Somerville, etc. We disguised ourselves as fortune-tellers. Mrs. Wilmot undertook a part which she would have sustained with great spirit, if it had not unfortunately occurred to some one to have a donkey, a veritable donkey with his pannier, in our group! It so happened that the music frightened the donkey, and he began to bray with such persistency that Mrs. Wilmot could not utter a single sentence. We were greeted with shouts of laughter, and nothing was left for us but to hide our mortification as best we might. But this was not all. Just as we were leaving, Mr. Pitt brought up to Mrs. Pole his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, and begged her to act as chaperon, as it was the young lady's first appearance in society. This proved to be a matter of some difficulty, for Lady Hester seemed at first to be in a very bad temper. Her uncle's introduction seemed to displease her. However, there was nothing for her to do but to join us. She had on a costume which had nothing feminine about it but the mask. It was the first time I had seen her; she seemed to me very tall, very thin, very decided, very independent. When she heard our donkey *speaking* while we kept silent, she did not hesitate to say that we were more stupid than our ass.

Lady Clarendon, anxious to fulfil her duties as chaperon, was always running after her, but she could never

catch her. When she happened to come anywhere in our direction she would say to us, "Don't bother yourself about me, I am quite independent!" And Mrs. Wilmot, our fortune-teller, might have foretold her future from that one day.

After the death of Mr. Pitt, Lady Hester Stanhope could not bring herself to settle down quietly to a peaceful, commonplace existence. She left England, and established herself on one of the highest mountains of Lebanon, surrounded by slaves and all the luxury of life in the East. She was visited there by travellers who were curious to see her, but they were rarely admitted, especially English people. M. de Lamartine saw her at one time. She was then no longer young, but was still beautiful.

In order to get any idea of the position assumed by this extraordinary woman, you should read the admirable narrative written about her by M. de Lamartine, that great poet of our time, in his book entitled "Lectures pour Tous." I will not copy it, but I recommend you to read it.

One more little anecdote, my children, before I enter upon a narrative which, belonging as it does to the domain of history, may prove to be beyond my powers. Great historians have written about this period; some have treated it admirably, others unjustly, being blinded by prejudice, and my feeble pen could do justice to neither the one nor the other. I shall confine myself, therefore, to describing the part which I have so often

been called upon to play among the princes whose memory I revere, and among those to whom I have been devoted ever since their birth, and shall continue to be to the day of my death.

But first let me speak here for the last time of my friend Mr. Fulton. One evening at the Opera, as I was seated in the box of the Duke of Portland, with Lady Mary Bentinck and many others, among them Lord Clarendon, Louis de La Tour du Pin, etc., I saw Mr. Fulton below me in the pit. I related his history to my friends in a few words. Their curiosity became greatly excited. He looked up at me, and they all begged me to bow to him graciously, in order to bring him to the box, where they could make acquaintance with this man, who was already famous. My American, encouraged by my bow, arose, darted forward, and in a moment he was in the box; without ceremony and without embarrassment, he grasped my hand in cordial greeting. "Oh, what a pleasure to meet you here, Mademoiselle Montot!" he cried. "I could hardly believe my eyes."

M. de La Tour du Pin, with his sweet and gracious courtesy, said to him, "Monsieur is mistaken, for Madame is the Vicomtesse de Gontaut!" "Oh, dear me! This is too much! She is always changing her name! It is enough to drive one mad! But, as I see, these gentlemen are in the secret; and if there is any joke about it I should like to laugh too."

His simple and kindly manner touched me, and I

made him sit down beside me, telling him that in a friendly country I could explain to him the mystery of Paris, of Calais, and of London. "Oh, now I understand," he said, "and I congratulate your husband on having a wife who at one time was on the point of turning my head or of sending me to the devil!"

This speech amused my friends very much, and they all welcomed him. I introduced him to Lord Clarendon, thinking that he might be useful to him: Mr. Fulton was delighted with this. They saw a great deal of each other, and before leaving for America he came to thank me for having procured for him, through Lord Clarendon, access to ministers and men of science who could appreciate him, and who even made it possible for him to make a trial of his steamboat at Paris in 1802. But not finding enthusiasm equal to the greatness of his discoveries, he quitted Europe, rather mortified at this lack of interest.

It was this celebrated mechanician who alone discovered the immense power of steam. He constructed in America the first steamboat, which in 1807 successfully navigated the Hudson River. He died in 1815.

I have spoken at length of my friends, but not enough of my dear daughters. I never spent a day apart from them. Having educated them with the aid of my mother, I had the happiness, I may even say the credit, of procuring for them the best masters; and the most skilful physicians watched over their health. Naldi taught them music, Deshaies dancing; every year I

took them to the seaside or to a watering-place, where they were accompanied by a drawing mistress, — an excellent method, while strengthening their constitutions, of cultivating their natural talents without fatigue. Charlotte even succeeded in painting landscapes in oils, and Josephine had a genuine talent for water-colours. An ecclesiastic of great merit spent two years in preparing them for their first communion, which they made in a little church still existing in London, where princes and kings at different periods have prayed for France.

It would be impossible for me to give any idea of the happiness and delight which my beloved daughters have brought to me.

As for Josephine, if the heart could be painted, she would have been the most beautiful of all human creatures. Her whole life was one perfect self-sacrifice, in her childhood for her mother and sister, in her married life for him whom she so deeply loved. Her death, her cruel death, gave me the only pang she ever caused me.

Charlotte was an exquisite creature, pure as an angel, fearing evil as one fears death, timid, shrinking, and modest. I cannot resist anticipating ten years. The admirable man whom God in His goodness gave to my dear daughter said to me one day, "Charlotte has only the tip of one foot on this earth."

I had an idea of having an angel sculptured, poised lightly on a terrestrial globe; I would have given her Charlotte's pretty profile, and then I should have had her portrait from head to foot.

At the close of 1813, I was still staying with Lord Bristol, and we followed together on the maps of the seat of war the progress of the allied armies, which marched on with gigantic strides. When I returned to London, I cannot describe the interest and excitement which prevailed; every day brought to us some new story of glory or disaster. It is useless to dwell on them here, for they are imprinted on every one's memory; but I shall never forget one day, when at Lady Clarendon's, in an assembly of distinguished foreigners, ministers and ambassadors of different sovereigns, I heard an eager discussion with regard to the partition of France as something probable, indispensable even. Oh, my country! I cannot express to you how I felt! Not a word of the Bourbons; that beloved name was spoken for the first time at Paris in the heart of France, — a name so thoroughly French that it seemed at last like the rainbow in the midst of the storm.

"The sword of Bonaparte brought foreigners to Paris; the sceptre of Louis XVIII. sent them away.

CHATEAUBRIAND."

CHAPTER V.

1814. — M. de Blacas. — Events of 1814. — Entry of the Comte d'Artois into Paris. — Entry of Louis XVIII. into London, and Return to France. — My Arrival at Paris. — Portrait of Adèle de Gontaut. — The King at Paris. — Fernand de Chabot. — The Ministry. — Reception at the Tuileries and Audience of the King. — Death of my Mother. — Waterloo.

SOME time before the period which we have now reached, the faithful friend of Louis XVIII., the Comte d'Avaray, attacked with a fatal malady of the lungs, was obliged to leave him to go to Madeira. This separation was a great grief to the King, who possessed the rare virtue of gratitude. He never forgot that he owed his liberty, perhaps his life even, to Comte d'Avaray. M. d'Avaray had planned admirably the flight of the Prince, to whom he had devoted his life, from the palace of the Luxembourg to Mons.

Before leaving him to start for Madeira, he racked his memory for a man who might at the moment be employed as the private secretary of the King. He remembered then to have met in Germany a gentleman bravely bearing haversack and gun, marching with the crowd, cool and haughty, and holding aloof from intimacy with any one. M. d'Avaray was struck with his proud and dignified aspect, and he asked his name.

"Blacas d'Aulp," they told him, "a descendant of the ancient sovereigns of the South, and entirely without fortune. Nothing more is known of him than this,—that he has no friends, speaks very little, and has never deserved the slightest reproach." M. d'Avaray was introduced to him, found him intelligent, circumspect, and discreet; he recommended him to the King, who charged him with some commissions to foreign courts.

As he was about to start for Madeira, M. d'Avaray recalled this man and mentioned him to the King, who, thinking he might suit him, consented to have him looked up; he discovered that for several years M. de Blacas had been travelling in Italy, whither his tastes for classic research had drawn him. M. d'Avaray wrote to him to come to Hartwell to take his place as secretary to the King.

I happened to be at Hartwell on the day of M. de Blacas' arrival. The King admitted him; when we went to dine he was placed at table between the Duchesse de Narbonne and myself. Thinking his silence arose from timidity, we exerted ourselves to put him at his ease. When we returned to the *salon*, the King called the Duchesse de Narbonne to him and asked her opinion of the new arrival.

"He is superb," she said, laughing, "and admirably fitted for the place for which the King destines him: he is dumb, as a private secretary ought to be." The King frowned; by his expression we could all see that

the young man had made a good impression, and we could imagine his future.

His ambition satisfied, M. de Blacas recognised that still he lacked a home, — for he had not a relation in the world.

The Duc de Berry was strongly attached to the Comte de La Ferronnays, who had just married the eldest daughter of the Comtesse de Montsoreau ; he spent a great deal of his life in the pleasant home of this family. The Comte de Blacas was admitted there ; the young sister of Madame de La Ferronnays, who was gentle, timid, and good, seemed to please him, and to offer him the advantages which he sought. He was accepted, and they sent to Provence for the necessary papers.

During this time, the march of events proceeded. Bordeaux had declared for royalty on the 12th of March. We learned this through a letter from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Bathurst, Secretary of State and Minister of War. In imparting this information, he added: —

"Although I abstain from employing foreign influence in favour of the Royalist party, I think I can best serve it by leaving to this kingdom the honour of recognising its legitimate sovereign. I explained this to the Duc d'Angoulême, and I hope he will hereafter acknowledge the truth of what I have just told you."

My intimate acquaintance with the different members of the aristocracy of all countries, with ministers and

ambassadors, furnished me with interesting and reliable details. I often had the pleasure of reporting them at Hartwell; the King received them graciously, but nothing ever transpired with regard to them. Louis XVIII. was prudent and circumspect. As these things were not told to me in confidence, I was at liberty to repeat them, and to give free vent to my own enthusiasm as I carried words of hope to the rendezvous at the house of the Duchesse de Coigny, where I was received with acclamation.

Pozzo di Borgo, a Corsican by origin, after having been Napoleon's friend in childhood, had become his mortal foe. Accompanying the English who were expelled from Corsica, he established himself in London, and became the friend of many friends of mine. Thus I often met him. He was afterwards aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia. Having kept up his connection with the English minister, his letters grew more and and more interesting. It was through him that we learned the most exact details with regard to the regency of Marie Louise, proposed by the Senate and opposed by the allied sovereigns, who were not satisfied with it.

"That is not enough for so many victories," they said; "we must have something more than that. The coalition of victorious sovereigns does not represent a war against the country which we have entered, — it is a crusade undertaken against the man who desired to invade every land and to destroy everything, even to the very

heart of empires. *We must have more than a truce;* there can be no solid treaty with such a man, whose victories are fatal to all countries. We must have a peace which shall content all parties."

"No regency," wrote Pozzo di Borgo, "no truce; we must destroy and wipe out all traces of this man."

Another letter from M. de Talleyrand, of which a copy was sent to us, spoke of chance as a believer would speak of Providence. "Chance," he said, "in revolutions offers itself as a solution in the future."

The Abbé de Montesquiou announced at Hartwell that the Senate had called to the throne of France Louis Stanislas Xavier, brother of the late King, and after him the other members of the Bourbon family, in the former order of succession.

The Princes felt that it was time for them to return to their country, — a magic word to their hearts. The Duc d'Angoulême started for Spain, and the Duc de Berry for Jersey, hoping to succeed in reaching Vendée, where the sacred fire of loyalty to the King still existed. The Comte d'Artois came one day to announce to my mother his immediate departure, and his desire to penetrate, through Lorraine, to the very heart of France. She, who was both pious, timid, and anxious about her beloved Prince, entreated him to wear through the dangers which might beset him a small gold cross containing a little bit of the true Cross. He accepted it with the sweet affectionate smile which was soon to attach to him so many hearts. "I will wear it," he said,

"but only in the hope that you will come to Paris to reclaim it." Alas! that was not to be for her.

The Prince de Talleyrand had caused a large apartment to be prepared in his hôtel for the Emperor of Russia, who consented to occupy it. Caulaincourt was coming there constantly, in the interests of Napoleon, while in the same hôtel MM. de Bruges, de Vitrolles, etc., were working ardently for the cause of Louis XVIII.

The treaty of Fontainebleau of the 11th of April was announced to us, the departure of Marie Louise to return to her father, and finally the definite resolution for the expulsion of Napoleon, and the gift which had been made to him of the island of Elba. Then four days without a single word! Our anxiety was extreme, when at length Lady Bathurst was so good as to send me a letter which her husband had just received. It ran thus:—

"Try to imagine, if you can, how Paris looks at this moment, as I write in this beautiful spring sunshine, in the midst of a dense crowd, — the allied armies dazzling in their gold and silver, Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, two hundred and fifty thousand men, thirty abreast, marching in through one of the magnificent gates of Louis XIV. on the Boulevards, with drums, music, flags; Cossacks calmly parading in the midst of this elegant throng, who receive them, not as conquerors, but as liberators; the streets, balconies, and windows crowded with people. As each sovereign passes, the women throw themselves at their feet, clasping their hands and crying: 'Long live our liberators! Down with the tyrant! Long live the Bourbons!'

"The women at the windows respond to these cries and

demonstrations by similar ones. The white cockade appears everywhere as if by magic, handkerchiefs and dresses even being torn up to serve as flags. Just now everything is white, emblematic of peace, of hope, — of glory, in short. Tell this to our friend; it will make her happy, and she will make it known in the proper quarter."

The Comte d'Artois, on leaving England, had gone in the direction of Nancy, thinking that by following the route and progress of the allied armies he might the more easily get into the capital. MM. de Vitrolles, de Bruges, and all the Royalists ardently desired his presence. The Senate, hearing of his arrival in France, proposed to bestow upon him the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. He made no response, but pursued his journey towards Paris, and at length reached Livry and the house of Comte Charles de Damas. As soon as the news of his arrival reached Paris, the whole population was in ecstasy. High officers, marshals of the Empire, the nobility, ancient and recent, historic names, and the National Guard of Paris on horseback and on foot, — all, with a single impulse, grouped themselves around the Prince, urging him to permit them to escort him to Paris. He consented at length, and set out, surrounded by this noble escort.

Nothing could be more animating than this improvised procession, guided by individual impulse. At the Porte St. Denis, as they entered on the Boulevards, the enthusiasm was extreme. Only one cry was heard: "Long live our Prince! Long live the French Prince!"

"Yes, my friends," he replied, "it is only one Frenchman the more."

He was, so to speak, swept along to Notre Dame, and then to the Tuileries, where the white flag was hoisted. The sovereigns were awaiting him there. The Emperor Alexander then left the Hôtel de Talleyrand, and established himself at the Élysée.

One day — a great day, which filled my heart with joy such as comes to us but rarely in a lifetime — I saw a little carriage, with four post-horses and a white cockade, driving rapidly up to the place where we held our meetings. I was in the street; I darted forward, and recognised the Comte de Montalembert.

"I have the King's promise," he said; "he will resist no longer; to-morrow he will be in London, and very soon in Paris, where they are expecting him."

The white cockade had been noticed on his entrance into London, and a crowd soon surrounded him. They questioned him, and he was almost carried to our *salon*, where he confirmed all our hopes. He had been sent by the Duc d'Angoulême from Bordeaux to Paris to the Comte d'Artois, who condescended to confide to him a glorious mission, — that which at length decided the King to leave Hartwell. He told us that the white flag was already hoisted, and the cockade was almost *de rigueur*.

Charged by Louis XVIII. to announce to the Prince Regent his arrival in London on the following day, his communication was received with sincere pleasure, and

the news soon spread throughout the city. Hurrahs greeted M. de Montalembert's carriage, as he set out again for Paris. The crowd did not disperse from the streets in our quarter of the town, but clamoured for white cockades. We all set to work; our zeal and enthusiasm were so great that we threw the cockades out of the window. In a few hours, as if by magic, all the hats of men, women, and children, and all the carriages and diligences, were adorned with the white emblem, and even carried it to a distance.

The English people are generous; they are quick to adopt fresh ideas, and they are not inconstant. The noble and simple conduct of the French *émigrés* had gained the general esteem, and their clergy had won the veneration of all.

The Prince Regent wished to receive Louis XVIII. as a sovereign; but the latter asked to be allowed to stay at a modest hotel. He remained in London only one day, and then proceeded to Paris.

On the glorious day of Louis XVIII.'s entrance into London, the Prince Regent went to meet him, surrounded by the Princes his brothers, all on horseback, escorted by a brilliant body-guard. The whole city was decorated; the streets, the windows, even the trees in the Park and Piccadilly, making a veritable amphitheatre, were in gala attire. The King's calèche passed along in the midst of loud huzzahs. He was accompanied by the Duchesse d'Angoulême; the magnificent cortège accompanied him as far as the Hôtel de Crillon, where

the Prince Regent gave him his hand to assist him to descend. He entered the hôtel with the Princes his brothers. There they found the little circle of the French, and the persons whom the King loved best, and whom he himself presented to the Prince Regent. I was there with my mother. After the departure of the Princes, the King asked us to return in the evening.

Upon our arrival, the King was informed of the arrangements made for the journey. He dictated the list of the persons who were to accompany him. Lady Clarendon was present. He told her that he should like to put her name down, and even pressed this invitation, as he knew that her sister, Lady Maryborough, and her niece, Lady Fitz-Roy Somerset, were already in Paris, having accompanied the staff of the English troops. Lady Clarendon, flattered by this graciousness, accepted. The King, turning to me, said, "As for my god-daughter, she is indispensable."

Lady Clarendon, delighted with the idea, proposed to take me with her. My heart beat fast; the idea of leaving my daughters seemed an insurmountable obstacle to me; and I confess that at the first moment I could not conceal it. Then my mother, who approved of this journey, proposed that I should take Josephine with me, leaving her sister with her. "Charlotte, being more delicate," she said, "might be too tired."

The King approved, and added to my mother: "When your daughter is in Paris, you will find it easier to rejoin us yourself." Then, holding out his hand to me, he said: "That is well; let it be settled so."

I bowed over his hand; it was a command, and I obeyed.

The next morning, when my daughters woke, I told Josephine of the King's request and Lady Clarendon's offer; and I told Charlotte of the temporary sacrifice which we must both make. Poor Charlotte understood and sighed. Josephine, always unselfish, was grieved at leaving behind her sister, who was the object of her devoted love. It was a great and painful sacrifice for me to leave my mother and Charlotte. When M. de Gontaut, after his name had been erased from the proscription list of the *émigrés*, was recalled by his brother to claim what remained to him of his fortune in the South of France, his children were then eight years old; now they were sixteen. It would have given me great pride and happiness to have taken them both to their father.

The moment of separation was a very sad one: was it a presentiment? My mother held me close in her arms. "You who are going need courage," she said, "and we who remain need resignation."

The preparations for departure were quickly made. The Prince Regent invited me to the *fête* which he was giving for the King, and had the great kindness to send one of his carriages for me. My friends took charge of my toilette, and hurriedly made up a dress with a long train, and then they adorned my head with a quantity of feathers (the prescribed court costume). Nothing could be finer than this reception; the great gallery of

Carlton House was dazzling with lights and gilding. The Prince Regent, who had very good taste and was always gracious, kindly, and affable, tried to show his respectful affection for the King of France, and his pleasure in seeing him in his own house, by delicate attentions which made this *fête* a delight to us all. The Prince had invited not only the Princes and Princesses of England, but had taken particular care to collect about the King the faithful *émigrés*, those illustrious names of France, who had afforded a distinguished example of self-devotion.

I had never seen the Prince so amiable; the King was very happy, and I must confess I was enchanted. It was in the midst of this *fête* that an interesting incident occurred.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême met the Duc d'Orléans again for the first time. They were in the embrasure of a window, and every one was looking at them. An expression of sadness and sweetness was engraved on the interesting features of the Princess, where might be read pardon and oblivion. Every one was affected.

This incident was not the only one of the evening. It was already late, and I was thinking of going home, when the Prince stopped me and said: "Wait a moment. The Comte de Blacas is engaged to marry Mademoiselle de Montsoreau; but the marriage has not yet taken place, as they have not been able to procure the necessary papers. By a remarkable coincidence they happened to arrive yesterday. The marriage then seemed impossible;

but would you believe it, Madame, the zeal of M. de La Ferronnays has worked wonders. The priest is ready, Mademoiselle is at the altar with the orange-blossoms in her hair, awaiting her bridegroom; they will be married at midnight, and will depart at eight in the morning and set sail for France with the King. I admire the French spirit and energy," said the Prince; "an Englishman would never have thought of such a thing."

At this moment, M. de Blacas, having taken leave of the King, approached the Prince Regent, who wished him much happiness; he replied only by a profound bow, followed M. de La Ferronnays, and left the room.

This episode, the rumour of which soon spread through the room, became the subject of general conversation.

On the 24th of April, 1814, I was at Lady Clarendon's door, where a post-chaise was waiting. A footman said to me, "My Lady is ill."

I went in, and she tried to reassure me. "It is only a headache," she said, "which a cup of tea (the universal remedy) will soon set right."

It was not so, however, for the physician who was called in declared it to be a fever, so that it was impossible for her to go. Then there was a great consultation. Lord Clarendon, after deciding the question, thought he ought to inform the King and thank him. I took charge of the message. It was noon, and I was obliged to set off at once. The King had already left Dover. When we arrived they told us that one yacht was still waiting.

We embarked; the whole harbour was gayly decorated, the wind was favourable, the sea was covered with ships and barks, everywhere there was music and gaiety. Calais was illuminated. How delightful it all was!

When we arrived we had to find a lodging; we hurried to the Hôtel Grandsire, but my old friend was no longer living. I tried to get my old room, and succeeded.

The crowd everywhere was immense. They showed me the place where the King was holding a reception, and we tried to reach it. In the streets they took us for princesses, because our dress, they said, was like that of the good Duchesse d'Angoulême. The enthusiasm was general and was very touching.

We at last succeeded in reaching the King, when I explained the cause of my delay, and gave him Lady Clarendon's regrets. His Majesty was surrounded by soldiers of all ranks, in uniforms of all colours. One general seemed to be extremely enthusiastic; it was General Maison, commanding the Army of the North at Lille. He had come, *out of pure patriotism and without orders, to escort the King to Paris.* They told us that he would have the command during the whole journey. I did not like him, he seemed to me rude. He tried to make us stand back, when an usher of the King's who recognised me said to him: "General, don't you know that this is one of the ladies of the court, the god-daughter of the King?" After that he was so excessively attentive as to embarrass me greatly.

Josephine, wishing to know who he was, said, "That man looks very common: is he a marshal?" "No, he is only a general who is putting on airs," replied a venerable Chevalier de St. Louis, who was weeping for joy, though modestly and in silence.

Scarcely were we delivered from the rudeness of General Maison, when, as we reached the *salon* of the King, a gentleman pushed us aside, though not rudely; but hearing my name, he let us pass, though we were only to fall into a fresh difficulty, for another gentleman, in gold braid, pushed us unmercifully. I looked at him and recognised him; he had once caused me great distress, which I had never forgotten. It was the day before my first communion; I was in retreat with the Sisters of Charity, and I went quietly with them to the old Church of the Madeleine. As I took my place (perhaps I may have mistaken the row), this man pushed me aside roughly. The nuns reproached me with having turned red with anger, and I had to go back and confess, so that I was in despair; and here at Calais, many years later, I met again my old enemy, the Duc de Ducas, more puffed up than ever. The restraints of etiquette had already begun.

The Prince Regent had accompanied the King to the ship on which he was to embark. His last step on English soil was imprinted on the rock, as well as his first step on the soil of France. I do not know whether this stone has survived the revolutions which followed this glorious entry.

They told us that the scene at Calais when Louis XVIII. arrived was very affecting; as soon as his figure was made out on the ship, the joy and enthusiasm knew no bounds. The Duchesse d'Angoulême was greatly agitated, and could not restrain her tears. She inspired profound respect.

On his arrival the King went at once to the church; there the scene was very touching, the happiness general and sincere.

When he had gone back to his apartments, and we had established ourselves in our little room, I found a transparency which the servant of the hotel told us was used according as the occasion required: one side displayed an N, surmounted by an eagle, while on the other were three *fleurs de lis* and "Vive le Roi!" This was the side that was illuminated on the 24th of April.

From Calais and all the neighbouring provinces throngs were constantly pouring in, gentlemen, bourgeois, women, and children, a whole nation whom the same joyous impulse had called together to greet the King so long expected and desired. On the 25th he set out for Paris, very slowly at first, because he wished every one to be able to approach him; then he would stop and speak a few touching words, which were responded to by benedictions.

The King permitted me to go in his train; with some difficulty, I was able to procure a little post-chaise with two horses; they moved slowly, being constantly

brought to a halt by the authorities of each borough, triumphal arches, addresses by young girls, mayors, curés, etc.

The King stopped at Amiens; it was already late. As he passed my carriage, he looked at me and began to laugh.

"I suppose you think we are going too fast?" he said.

"Oh, Sire," I replied, with a sigh, "we shall never get there."

Whereupon he said very kindly: "Drive on; I will permit it, and I will see you again in Paris." I gladly obeyed.

At Amiens an aide-de-camp of Lord Stuart had given me a letter from Lady Maryborough, who had heard of my coming from her sister; she wrote to me to join her at Hôtel Rastadt, where she was staying. I arrived there the next morning. I knew that the Hôtel Gontaut was only a few steps off; and without losing a moment, without even stopping to take off my English capote, I hurried thither, and without waiting to be announced, I ran into the little *salon*, where I found all the family assembled. What an agitating scene it was for us all, and — I am glad to say it — what sincere pleasure it gave them to see me again! My heart beat so, I thought it would burst. My eyes fell first upon my sister-in-law, who held out her arms to me; they all surrounded me, except, alas! my poor husband, who was unable to move, for the gout. I thrust Josephine into

his arms, and he could scarcely believe his eyes. He looked round for the other daughter, but I told him that Charlotte, who was more delicate, would soon follow us with my mother, who would travel more quietly than we had done.

There had been two additions to this family circle during my absence, Armand's wife, the Comtesse de Biron, and Charles's wife, Adèle de Gontaut. I was introduced to them, and felt drawn at once to my two nieces. Several other persons, old friends of ours, were also present, — Comte Étienne de Durfort, the Prince de Chalais, etc. How much we had to tell, what a confusion there was of questions and answers, of hopes and expressions of amazement! We were all so happy to meet again after so many years of misfortune and of separation.

They tried to make room for me, — a rather difficult task with the two young families in the Hôtel de Gontaut. I offered to return for the nights to the Hôtel Rastadt, with Lady Maryborough, to which they consented, making the kind condition that I should spend my days with my family. My sister-in-law, who was always good and kind, kept expressing her pleasure that I had not allowed a day to pass before rejoining my family.

My husband, who was so young and active for his age, fond of society and welcome in it, — for he was very gay and agreeable, — was in despair at finding himself a prisoner at this interesting period; but he was obliged to resign himself to his fate, and to receive in his chim-

ney-corner the news and particulars which we were all eager to report to him.

As the King has not yet arrived, I have time to take my dear George on a little visit to the Hôtel de Gontaut. He is already acquainted with the Marquise, and she is not at all changed. Her pretty blond hair, the little spencer, the white skirt, are just the same; she is as ever the peacemaker, in the midst of a diversity of opinions; her very presence is soothing.

The Marquis de Gontaut is active, ardent, eager to hear and tell everything new, always thinking of others, especially of how to oblige them.

We have already spoken of his son, Armand de Biron, then married to Mademoiselle de Damas, and having two sons, the eldest of whom, Henri, was aged eleven or twelve. Madame de Biron appeared cold at first; but she was frank, kindly, and devoted when she found in others qualities to which she could become attached.

Charles de Gontaut had made us a visit in London (though I cannot recollect the exact date); he was very young then, and greatly sought after in Paris, they said. An innocent flirtation with Hortense Beauharnais (the daughter of Josephine, afterwards Empress) made his parents uneasy, as they thought him too young to think of marriage. It was for this reason that they thought it best to send him away for a time. We liked him very much; he possessed all his mother's fascinations, he was pleasant and gay, and was greatly liked in society. During his absence, the wife of the First Consul

arranged the marriage of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais with Louis Bonaparte, her brother-in-law, who became King of Holland, and we had the happiness of welcoming to our family Adèle de Chabot, daughter of the Duc de Rohan; her mother was Mademoiselle de Montmorency, — I have already spoken to you of them as Prince and Princesse de Léon.

Adèle was very young when she married Charles de Gontaut, and she made his life exquisitely happy. He knew how to appreciate her, and worshipped her as one would worship an angel. She was sweet, gentle, and kindly, and pleasing in every way with her charming face and her modest grace. In short, Adèle was the model whom I held up for my daughters to copy.

The slow approach of the King leaves me time to copy a letter from my darling Josephine, which I found after her death. She describes better than I can Adèle de Gontaut, at that time her sister-in-law.

"Adèle read to me one day some lines written by herself on the character of one of her friends, Madame Amédée Thayer, calling my attention to the loftiness of her views, to her thoughts, which were almost divine, her virtues, and her entire resignation to the will of God in all the circumstances of her life; my sister regarded this person as a saint, and she declared that she believed it would be impossible to find another who with the same advantages of face and figure (for she was very beautiful), of youth and of rank, would practise as much self-denial as she, display as much true and solid piety, as much devotion and resignation to the will of God. She forgot in saying this, my poor dear sister, that she herself was this second

saint whom it was impossible to find; she forgot that she shared the same sentiments that she regarded as sublime in others; but such is her modesty, so great is her perfection, that she sees only the good qualities of others, never her own. But I, who have known her for twenty-five years, who love her tenderly, who cherish her like a sister, I love to trace in these lines all that I think of her. I should like to have her character known to the world; I wish above all that it might be made known to young people, in order that they might see what piety and religious sentiments can accomplish.

"She is indulgent towards others, but severe towards herself, fulfilling all the duties of wife, mother, sister, friend, in all the smallest details, with the most scrupulous exactness. She never speaks ill of any one, and if anything unkind is said before her, she finds some excuse for the person attacked. She is good and gentle to all around her, never judging the conduct of others, and having always a pleasant smile for all who approach her."

I was very glad to meet once more the friends of my youth. Mademoiselle de Matignon, now Baroness de Montmorency, had not forgotten me, nor had Madame de Matignon her mother. I often met them now, and also Aménaïde and Henriette d'Andlau. Aménaïde had become Comtesse d'Orglande, and Henriette, Comtesse de Rosambeau. Then there were Madame de Jumilhac and Madame de Montcalm, and Mademoiselle d'Aussun, who was now Duchesse de la Force. I met again Madame de Valence, and I found at her house a circle quite new to me. They talked a great deal about the court, a court quite strange to my Legitimist ears. They were delighted to hear that the Queen was wonder-

fully well. A certain young and handsome M. de Lawœstine had just come from her; they all crowded round him to hear what he had to say about her. I racked my brain to think what sovereign's wife this queen could be. I even thought of the beautiful Queen of Russia, and I asked the question in a low tone of Madame de Valence, who replied aloud: "Why, it is Queen Hortense." I perceived that they were scandalised at my ignorance, and I frankly confessed it. I even sacrificed my costume, which attracted a great deal of attention. They saw that the islander was good-natured, and that made her popular. Encouraged by this to ask questions, they inquired gaily what could be the reason of the great quantity of gold pendants, which were the only ornaments of my black spencer and the cuffs on my sleeves. I explained that they were all the fashion in London, and that the Duke of Wellington had brought them to me from Spain.

"She is very proud of it," said Madame de Valence, laughing; "the Duke of Wellington is her hero, and I can quite understand it."

The King approached nearer and nearer, but very slowly. At length he arrived at St. Ouen, and stopped there for several days. A deputation, with M. de Talleyrand at the head, composed of all the several bodies of the State, was received by him there. In spite of all the advice which was showered upon the King, he would not take a single step, or utter a word which could be in any way interpreted into an engagement binding upon

him. Then, suddenly appeared the famous proclamation of St. Ouen, at the same moment with the announcement of his arrival in Paris on the following day; they were both immediately posted up in all quarters of the town. Copies were to be found in every *salon.* These were the opening words: —

"Louis XVIII., by the grace of God King of France and Navarre, to all to whom these presents may come, greeting, etc."

The rest of the proclamation promised a liberal constitution, and closed by convoking the Senate and the Legislative body for the 3d of May, in order to accept the Constitutional Charter which the King promised them. The effect of this declaration was prodigious; the people received it with acclamation, and there was a perfect revolution in favour of royalty. The King wisely profited by it by arriving the next day, the 3d, in Paris.

On the 3d of May, 1814, the sun shone brilliantly; the crowd was dense as far out as the gates of Paris, in the villages, in the suburbs, where all were awaiting the arrival of the King. At last he appeared, and the universal enthusiasm knew no bounds; every heart was moved with deep and sincere emotion on seeing him enter Paris once more. Eight white horses, with plumes of the same colour, proudly drew the carriage in which sat the venerable King; beside him was she whom he called his Antigone; on horseback, beside his carriage door, rode the Comte d'Artois, radiant

with happiness and grace, saluting the people like a man welcoming his friends; all the princes, marshals, and the *élite* of the nobility, the glory of our age, rode in the long and splendid procession. Nothing can give any adequate idea of this moment; one can feel enthusiasm, but it is impossible to describe it.

Shouts of delight announced the arrival of this precious calèche, the memory of which will never fade from my mind. That moment was one of those which one can never forget, — unclouded happiness, a hope which one did not dream could be disappointed.

The King perceived us at a window in the Rue St. Denis. He gave us a smile which only increased my emotion; I believe I sobbed and cried. Josephine enjoyed it all as I did, for our characters were very much alike. The rest of the day passed like those of all royal entries; the ceremony of the pardons at Notre Dame was very affecting, — the same crowd and excitement everywhere; then the arrival at the Tuileries, where the sovereigns were awaiting the King.

They told us that the Duchesse d'Angoulême, on entering the apartment prepared for her, had fainted. It was the one she had occupied with her august and unhappy parents.

A reflection of the royal welcome extended even to us, and all Paris greeted us with great kindness.

Dazzled and overcome with all we had been through, we returned to the Hôtel de Gontaut, pitying those who had not been able to witness it. They made us tell

them everything, — the graciousness of the King, the interest aroused by the sight of the Duchesse d'Angoulême; and each one felt in his heart that at last he was permitted to dream of a happy future.

Lady Mornington and some other English friends of mine wished to participate in all the gaieties that were going on in Paris. We promised to meet in order to enjoy them and to traverse on foot this joyous Paris, where we were so glad to find ourselves again. We were to meet in the Rue Royale, at the house of Lord and Lady Burghersh. M. Fernand de Chabot was so kind as to act as escort to Josephine and myself. He would have liked better, I think, to leave us at the door, but I urged him to go in with us. He was too kind and polite to refuse.

We found there the chief officers of the allied armies, among whom were many friends of mine, — Lord and Lady Fitz-Roy Somerset, Lord Stuart, etc. I could hardly shake hands with them all. Amid all the uproar I noticed the icy calmness of M. de Chabot when I presented him to the English staff-officers, the cause of which I understood only when it was too late.

Lady Mornington, taking his silence for timidity, and wishing to encourage him, took his arm and declared that she would not leave him all the evening. We left the house surrounded by the brilliant staff, with Lady Mornington and Fernand always at the head. To make his entry into the Place Louis XV. thus was more than he could bear; however, the ever-increasing crowd gave

him the hope of escaping from the amiable attentions of Lady Mornington, which became more and more oppressive every moment. To spend the whole evening thus, he felt would be quite unbearable. A sudden surge of the crowd came to his assistance; he felt that he had not a moment to lose: he made one final effort, escaped from Lady Mornington's arm, and was seen no more. I saw the whole, but I said nothing, and I could not help laughing.

And just here, my children, I must pause a moment to relate to you some details of your father's early years which may be unknown to you.

At eighteen he possessed a noble face and a fine figure, and was remarkable for his energy and his skill in all manner of exercises; in short, every one said he was charming, and I can well believe it. About that time a costume ball was given, at which he appeared as Henry IV., — mantle, ruff, and all complete. His appearance created a sensation; the orchestra struck up spontaneously the Cantata of "Vive Henri IV." There was great applause; every one rose to their feet, saying, "Yes, it is Henry IV. in his youth!" His success was complete. Gérard, the famous painter, was present; struck by this perfect type of the good king, he asked your father to grant him the favour of sitting to him later, so that he might use his features for a picture which he was planning of the entry of Henry IV. into Paris. Gérard himself told me this.

This ball was greatly talked about in Paris. The rumour

of it reached the Tuileries, and presently Fouché, Minister of Police, sent for your father and told him that the Emperor had expressed a desire to have him enter the army.

"It will be hard for me to get my parents' consent," replied Fernand.

"Why, are you going to be a priest?"

From his reply Fouché perceived that such a destiny was little to his taste. The Emperor then sent officers' commissions to twenty young men of the first families of France, but Fernand was appointed to the school of cavalry at St. Germain.

Just at this time the marriage of his cousin, Mademoiselle de La Rochefoucauld, with Prince Aldobrandini Borghese took place at the Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld. Queen Hortense was there; she saw Fernand, and questioned him with regard to his future, asking if he had received his commission as officer. Upon his replying in the negative and confessing that he was not greatly charmed with the idea of going to the *École*, she went straight to the Tuileries, and an hour later sent her chamberlain, Comte de Villeneuve, to inform him that he was appointed second lieutenant to the Fourth regiment of cuirassiers, under the command of his new cousin, Prince Aldobrandini. Certainly nothing could be more gracious than this prompt nomination, or than the appropriateness of the choice of regiments. He joined the regiment immediately, which was near Vienna at the close of the campaign of 1809; then he was quar-

tered at Krems and Salzburg, came to Augsburg with his regiment, was detailed as escort to Marie Louise, was appointed second lieutenant and aide-de-camp to Comte de Narbonne (who was himself aide-de-camp to the Emperor), which placed Fernand in the position of ordnance officer to the Emperor, who from that time was exceedingly kind to him. It was at Wilna that he gave him his first mission, that of carrying to the Emperor of Russia *the ultimatum of France.* In 1812 he received the cross at Moscow, received ten lance wounds, lost all that he possessed, horses, effects, etc., was present at all the engagements, at the passage of the Beresina, at Torgau, where he had the grief of seeing his general, Comte de Narbonne, die in his arms. At the beginning of 1814 he was charged with carrying the capitulation of Torgau to the Emperor; he followed him to Brienne in order to give it into his own hands, and reached the castle after great difficulties, only to find the Emperor no longer there. An aide-de-camp of Comte de Langeron, who had been commissioned to escort him as safeguard, had disappeared in the midst of the tumult. Fernand at length rejoined the Emperor in the battle-field, and there discharged his commission. The Emperor conversed with him under fire as coolly as if in his own *salon*, and even asked him if he had heard the Bourbons spoken of, to which he replied in the negative. When people are fighting to the death, they say very little. Fernand was with the Emperor during a part of this campaign. Being in need of every-

thing and finding himself near the capital, he thought he would enter, in order to procure the necessary equipments; he found no difficulty, as it was the very moment when the allies were making their entrance into Paris.

Is it surprising that Fernand should have felt a chill come over him when I took him on a party of pleasure among these foreigners whom he had met before, but never except with sword in hand?

On the following day, the address of St. Ouen was greatly commented on and discussed, the word *liberal* having occasioned displeasure. The enthusiasm of the day before began to die out, and people began to whisper to one another. The King had been closeted part of the night with Prince de Talleyrand, and people were surprised, and were impatient to hear the result. I understood it all, and began to suffer. "What, are they finding fault with him already?"

"Have you never heard that word before?" asked a respectable magistrate. "Did they not find fault with him over there?"

"Fault-finding," I replied, "was unheard of in exile; one might have felt compassion, but one felt that it was more just to feel admiration."

This night-session, of which people had been whispering, became public during the day. The King had appointed a Chancellor, M. d'Ambray, an honourable name, though little known; the Abbé de Montesquiou, who had been commissioned, it was said, to carry to

Hartwell the messages from M. de Talleyrand during the occupation of the allied powers, was made Minister of Finance; two abbés presented by M. de Talleyrand were the occasion of witty remarks which I refrain from writing down; M. Beugnot, weak and frivolous, was not approved of for Minister of Police. The ministry for Foreign Affairs was placed in the hands of Prince de Talleyrand, which seemed comprehensible; and, finally, M. de Blacas was made Minister of the King's Household. Up to this time his very existence was unknown in France. I was the only one who knew him, so people came to me for information; and I repeated his history as we had heard it at Hartwell more than a hundred times, and that was all there was to say about him at that time.

In the midst of the acclamations the piercing eyes of the King had remarked that coldness was only kept in check by respect among the ranks of the Imperial Guard. They tried to hide it from him, but he perceived it nevertheless. From that moment he conceived the idea of surrounding the throne with a military household, composed of body-guards, gendarmes of the guard, grey and black musketeers, light-horse Swiss guards, different official ranks being given to each soldier, court-privileges in hunting, in the royal residences, etc.

The opposition which the King had expected did not deter him, as he hoped to conciliate all parties by appointing as chiefs of this noble body marshals, gene-

rals of the army of the Empire, and great names of the ancient *régime* and of the new monarchy. As soon as this plan was formed, he announced it, feeling persuaded that the novelty and brilliancy of this *corps d'élite* could not fail to please the Parisians.

Hardly was the King established at the Tuileries, when every one rushed thither, and all who presented themselves were received. Two *soirées* were given to ladies; the crowd at the first reception was enormous. I was horribly impatient to see the King and Princes again, but I had discretion enough to wait for the second day.

The brilliant cares of the toilette occupied every one in society. I had thought my dress very elegant in London; I wore it again at the Tuileries, only without feathers, and every one took me for a foreigner. The ladies all rushed towards the door opening into the throne-room. I was amused, myself, looking on at a scene so novel to me, when a very amiable person came up to me and said: "If you wait there so patiently, you will never get in; if you don't push your way in, you will be left out. Follow me, and I will give you a sight of the King and Princes."

I followed her; by dint of elbowing the person in front of her, the lady managed to make some progress; at each courtesy she turned round to me and said; "Courtesy!" But I was so overcome with emotion that she could not get much out of me.

As soon as the Princes saw me they held out their

hands; I asked for an audience of the King, who granted it for the following day.

When I reached the Tuileries the next morning, some of the old servants told me that his Majesty was expecting me; I was received in his cabinet. He overwhelmed me with kindness, made me tell him all about my meeting with my family, and told me that he had not yet seen M. de Gontaut, but that he had recognised his brother in the crowd, close to him. Recalling the fact that I had asked for an audience, he wished to know the cause. Then, like a child who has learned her lesson, I began to relate my history, going back to the period of the first titles in France. He stopped me, and being much better informed on the subject than I was, he gaily continued the story until he came to the last Maréchal de Biron, who died in 1788, leaving two brothers, one, the Abbé Duc, the other Duc de Gontaut, father of the Duc de Lauzun, who became Duc de Biron after the death of the Maréchal. There he stopped, and said sadly, "Don't let us speak of that; let us think rather of your long line of noble ancestors." At this point I ventured to interrupt him, begging that he would permit me to hope that during his reign this long succession would not be interrupted now. He said firmly that in future the title of Duc would be transmissible only in the direct line, but that he should establish two chambers, one of peers and one of deputies, and that he would not forget my desire to be useful to my family. There was nothing left for me to do

but thank him for the hope he had permitted me to indulge on behalf of my brother-in-law, now become the head of the family.

Preparations were being made for great festivities, in which ambassadors and ministers took part. The Bois de Boulogne was the bivouac of the English, St.-Cloud the camp of the Austrians, where Prince Schwarzenberg gave a ball which the French Princes attended. We were invited; my sister-in-law gave Josephine a charming ball-dress trimmed with lilies. She looked lovely, and was very happy when we started off for this ball. It was her first appearance in society; she was engaged to dance as soon as she appeared. At this moment the Duc de Berry came up to me and said, "My father is looking for you."

He gave me his arm and we found the Comte d'Artois, who sat down beside me at a window. The Duc de Berry stood up beside us. The kindly but preoccupied manner of the Princes made me feel anxious, but I did not dare to ask any questions. I had one of those intuitions which rarely deceive us.

"I wanted to ask if you had heard from London lately," said the Comte d'Artois, at length.

"I have not heard lately, I do not know why," I said.

"I wish to explain to you that your mother has scarlet fever; and you know how she has always dreaded it. Her friend, Madame de Manciny, carried it to her from the bed of a sick friend. She is seriously ill, but she has excellent care. Your friends there are doing

everything possible for her and Charlotte. I thought I ought to tell you, for I know you will wish to start at once."

I trembled so that Monsieur saw how this news had overwhelmed me; but he did not detain me. He continued: "When I left London, your dear mother gave me this little cross; I have kept my promise religiously, and have worn it until now. It will protect you as it has protected me."

These last words gave me a ray of hope. Did he say this in his kindness, to give me strength to keep up until I could reach the bedside of my beloved mother?

At this moment Josephine rejoined me, learned the cause of my anxiety, and was as eager to start as I was.

"I foresaw this prompt resolution," added Monsieur, "and one of my carriages is waiting for you; it will take you to Paris."

An aide-de-camp accompanied us. I found my carriage, and in a short time I was set down at the Hôtel Rastadt, where our preparations were quickly made. We then drove to the Hôtel de Gontaut. M. de Gontaut, who was still ill, was awakened; I told him of my mother's illness, and he was much grieved at not being able to go with us.

The bells of the post-chaise now announced that everything was ready, and we started alone, Josephine and I. I had left with my mother the excellent person who had taken care of her for years, as well as of my daughters and myself. All our friends knew and appre-

ciated Sarah's good qualities, and in my cruel anxiety the thought of Sarah was a great comfort to me.

During the journey Josephine looked after everything and shared my grief; that sad night and a whole day passed before we reached Calais. It was already dark and the weather was frightful; it was out of the question to cross, they told us. During that night and all the next day the equinoctial storm continued to rage. The sea was very rough, not a ship or a bark was in sight; it was impossible to start, and a third night passed without hope of improvement. Suspense like this was very trying.

At daybreak they told me that when the tide turned I might be able to start. I had the misery of knowing that during the night a despatch boat belonging to the English government had been able to cross, though with great danger and difficulty. They had feared I should not have courage to make the attempt, and they had not informed me of it. A part of this day passed before we could leave the harbour, and the crossing was very tedious. We did not reach Dover until five o'clock in the morning. The public coach was waiting, and we started at once for London. I was in a perfect fever at the delay.

We said nothing; it is impossible to talk when one is suffering tortures of anxiety; we clasped each other's hands, and could feel how they trembled as we approached that house where happiness or the most cruel grief awaited us.

"My mother!" I cried, "oh, to think of losing my mother! Oh, why did I ever leave her!"

At last we came in sight of our house; all the windows were shut except that of my mother's room, which was wide open. I knew too well what had happened.

Josephine darted out, knocked at the door, and learned that my mother had been dead for three days. Bursting into tears, she took me in her arms, and spoke to me of Charlotte, who was expecting us, and entreated me to get into the carriage again. I did so. The woman of the house directed us to Lady Templeton's. It was there that we learned all the particulars of our misfortune; it was there our beloved Charlotte had been welcomed by her friends, whose tender care had replaced mine. Miss Upton, Lady Hampden, and all our friends had never left either my mother or Charlotte; they had taken charge of everything, had given her every comfort. The consolations of religion had been lavished upon my poor mother by the venerable Abbé Chaumon. She had wanted for nothing; she had heard of the arrival of her beloved Princes in Paris, which was the desire of her heart. Her prayers were answered. "I want nothing more," she said, "except to die in my daughter's arms."

When misfortunes come, the Christian bows to the will of God. In sending the affliction, God also gives us strength to bear it. I have had experience of this, alas!

As Charlotte's health, which had been strengthened by the last winter spent at Tunbridge, no longer caused me anxiety, I yielded to the entreaties of my family, and decided to return to France. With this intention I began my preparations for the journey. It was the brilliant season in London, and I found there all my former circle, and my daughters found their friends. They were especially intimate with the Ladies Paget, daughters of Lady Uxbridge (the elder is now Lady Richmond, the younger, Lady Sidney). These charming young ladies as well as my daughters were very fond of music; I think I said that Naldi was their music-master.

He had a charming daughter of sixteen or seventeen; her talent even at that age was very remarkable. One rarely heard her play, as her father did not wish her to appear in public until later; but he promised to bring her to me one evening. Every one was eager to hear her, and the day was appointed, when there was a rumour that Napoleon had landed at Cannes. Every one thought it perfect nonsense, and I found it very hard to believe, as I had just received a letter from the Duc de Berry, describing a party given by him, beginning with a hunt in the Bois de Boulogne, then a breakfast, dinner, and a small ball in his pretty mansion, Bagatelle. Some of my family had been present, and he had the kindness to say that nothing was wanting but my presence. A letter from Lady Bagot described the same *fête*, and the balls and gaieties of Paris.

The rumour of this landing, at first received with indifference, began to assume an air of probability; then we heard from sources that left no room for doubt that Napoleon was approaching with wonderful rapidity. Everywhere preparations were made for defence: Monsieur started for Lyons; the Duc d'Orléans, carrying out the mission with which he had been charged, was also *en route;* but scarcely had he reached Lyons, when he was seized with a prophetic fear of the rapid progress of events, and he obtained Monsieur's authority for his return to Paris.

Monsieur, feeling anxious concerning the attitude that might be assumed by Ney in this crisis, immediately sent to him Comte de Bourbon-Busset, who had served for many years under the Maréchal, in order to sound him and to warn him of the defection of Colonel Labédoyère, as well as of Bonaparte's rapid march upon Lyons. This general officer left at once by post-chaise for Besançon, the headquarters of the Sixth Military Division, which the Maréchal commanded. At three o'clock in the morning General Bourbon-Busset entered the chamber of his former chief, and waked him out of a sound sleep. At the first word the Maréchal jumped out of bed, ran to his bell without stopping to put on any clothes, called up General Bourmont, his chief of staff, hurriedly dictated to him the order to place instantly his regiments of light cavalry in marching order, and to put under arms successively all the troops under his command, and direct them upon

Lons-le-Saunier. M. de Bourbon-Busset, though delighted with this decision and the promptness of this resolution, still thought he ought to remind the Maréchal of the defection of Labédoyère, and to remark upon the danger of bringing the new corps too lightly into contact with those who had just changed their flag. But the Maréchal, drawing himself up proudly, replied: "Do you think, Bourbon-Busset, because you see me in my night-clothes, that therefore I am going back to bed? No, I most certainly am not; I shall march at the head of my advance-guard; I am, as you know, a tolerably good shot; *I* will load and fire the first cartridge, *I* will give the first sword-thrust; and we will see if for the first time in my life French soldiers under my command will refuse to follow and obey me."

You know, my dear children, your uncle's love of military glory, and now his blood glowed in his veins, and his enthusiasm for Ney reached the highest pitch of enthusiasm; for how could he possibly believe that on the very next day the bravest of the brave would prove so easily accessible to such a fatal and odious treason?

I had everything to fear for our country, for the King, for our own family; already I was thinking of providing for them a refuge which my friends, who were always ready to oblige me, offered. I implored M. de Gontaut to join us; days passed without bringing any reply; it is painful to hear absolutely nothing of those who are dear to us. At length the Duc de Rohan

arrived in London, and brought me tidings which nearly broke my heart, — our relatives already on their way to the South; the King fled; a succession of misfortunes which must naturally follow; Europe shaken to its foundations; perhaps a civil war, a second invasion!

You, of course, know more about this period, my dear George, than I did at that time, so it is useless to speak of what I feared.

At the time of the Duc de Rohan's departure, the King was just leaving the Tuileries, directing his course towards Belgium, surrounded by his civil and military household. Charles de Gontaut, who belonged to this *corps d'armée*, wished to accompany the King, and Adèle went with him.

Nothing could be more interesting than the stories told us by the Duc de Rohan; he knew how to soothe our fears, and to give us hope by his own courage. I have seldom met a man who was so good and so attractive. Eager to rejoin the King, he left us only too soon, but we could not keep him.

A letter from Adèle informed me that her husband had been taken ill at Ypres, and had been obliged to remain there. The Comtesse Thibaud de Montmorency, her aunt, received them at the house of the Marquis d'Harchies, who was her father, and they were most tenderly cared for.

A few days later the Princes arrived there, and were received with most affecting homage, lavished upon

them by the *châtelain* and his amiable daughter, who found means of soothing the first shock of these untoward events. Some years after, the Comte d'Artois, in telling me of the noble reception he met with from the Marquis d'Harchies, said, "I can never forget nor cease to be grateful for the attentions which they showered upon me."

While the King, the Princes, the ministers, and ambassadors are travelling towards Brussels, I shall have time to say a word of that excellent aunt whom you have learned to appreciate as she deserves. I did not know her then; later, I shall speak of the time when I saw her frequently, and, knowing every action of her life, grew to love her fondly; and to know her once was to love her forever.

"Nothing lasts in this world!" I must insist upon two exceptions to this sad truth, — maternal love and gratitude. As to public interest, nothing is more fickle. One gets horribly frightened, but one is as easily reassured. They were already talking of the gaieties of Brussels; people even said jestingly that the army was dancing. My daughters' young friends thought it was time now to claim the promise which had been given of hearing Mademoiselle Naldi. Three months of mourning is a long time for young people; they all joined in urging it upon me, and I had the weakness to consent to give the *famous little concert.* Mademoiselle Naldi was listened to with delight, as well as Sor, my daughters' teacher of the guitar. It was in the midst of these

sweet sounds that the rumour spread through London of a great victory, that of Waterloo.[1]

Presently there came a note from Lady Uxbridge, asking that her daughters might be sent home; an aide-de-camp of the Minister of War came to give Lord Maryborough a note from his brother, the Duke of Wellington, which said, as I remember: "Fitz-Roy had an arm taken off at the end of a most desperate struggle: Lady Fitz-Roy is at Brussels with him; send his mother as soon as possible. We have immense losses to deplore. Lord Uxbridge has had his thigh amputated on the field of battle; it was the very last gun that was fired that wounded him, alas!" Lady Augusta Paget fainted; Lord and Lady Maryborough rushed out of the house and hurried to the War Department. Many others followed them.

The list of the dead and wounded was read amid tears and sobs.

The effect in London of this memorable battle, which ended a whole war, was wonderful. The people were intoxicated with joy, the streets and squares resounded with the name of Wellington.

How many times in the course of a half century have we witnessed public rejoicings, in all countries, expressed in all languages, and the popular amusements and brilliant illuminations which are the emblems of it! But what has perhaps never before been known, is the

[1] The pen falls from my hand when I attempt to describe this period. As a Frenchwoman, I was profoundly affected by it.

sincere modesty of the conqueror who was the object of all this adulation. I have read many letters from the Duke of Wellington to his friends, in which he spoke simply and almost naïvely of his emotions during thirteen hours of the desperate battle of Waterloo, his doubts of the victory at the moment of Blücher's appearance; he spoke with justice and even with admiration of the valour of the French, which he had learned to appreciate during the war in Spain; but what he could not account for was the time wasted, and the position Napoleon occupied, sheltered from danger.

What is really remarkable is the justice and modesty of the two generals, who, when they met, held out their arms, each giving to the other the credit and honour of the victory.

Afterwards, when Blücher came to London he was surrounded and nearly suffocated by the crowd, who in their enthusiasm tried to grasp his hands, so that at last he said playfully that he would be obliged to have some extra ones made.

A friend and admirer of Wellington happened to find himself at Waterloo, in the *mêlée* of that memorable day. He took notes, drew up plans, and wrote a description, which he sent to the Duke, expecting to receive warm thanks and gratitude for this arduous toil. This is the Duke's reply: —

"You must allow me, my friend, to discourage you in this undertaking, for, believe me, at such a moment one may recall small isolated details (even all, let us say, if that is possible),

the consequence of which is victory or defeat. But the precise order, the proper succession of events, in a word, all that would give them any real value, no one can possibly put together; and, moreover, the faults and mistakes of some officers may perhaps have given to others an opportunity of distinguishing themselves. You cannot praise one without showing severity towards others. It is better, perhaps, to keep silence than to tell everything.

"That convulsive anxiety, that theatrical melancholy which you describe with such eloquence, would simply have led our heroes to a mad-house, instead of conducting them on the road to glory.

"Believe me, my friend, this victory is fine enough in itself to console us perfectly for any checks already received; let us then be content, and leave to history the task of awarding the credit of it."

CHAPTER VI.

The White Flag. — Death of the Princesse de Léon.— Marriage of the Duc de Berry. — Marriage of Josephine. — M. de Bourbon-Busset. — I am appointed Lady-in-Waiting. — Marriage of Charlotte. — Madame de Meffray (Suzette de La Tour). — Mrs. Brown.

AFTER a hundred days of agitation and uncertainty, the King, seeing that there was a prospect of his speedy return to France, gave a mission to Comte de Bourbon-Busset, who, passing through Ypres, stopped there for a short time at the house of the Marquis d'Harchies, where he found his friends the Comte and Comtesse Charles de Gontaut, and the Comtesse Thibaud de Montmorency, whose acquaintance he was very glad to make. Carried away by the enthusiasm of these ladies for the cause which he had nearest his heart, he confided to them his mission, which he declared would have an immense chance of success, if they would consent to embroider immediately the first white flag which should renew the miracles wrought by the white plume of Henri IV. Their joyous exclamations were unanimous, and conveyed to the General their consent to his proposition. From this moment nothing was heard but discussions concerning white silk embroidery and gold fringe. At length, at daybreak a

little company, composed of about twenty officers of all ranks, MM. de Bourmont, the Duc de Castries, the Prince de Solre, MM. Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, de Castéja, Colonel Clouette, M. de Dampierre, and other volunteers, mounted gaily on horseback and rode off towards the frontiers of France, which they crossed in a few minutes, making their first halt at Armentières. They quickly sounded the temper of the country, and hoisted their splendid flag. There was great excitement in the little province; thirty young men came immediately and ranged themselves about it, and they marched, without loss of a moment, towards ——. The company increased as they proceeded, and on leaving this little town they found themselves three hundred strong. They marched on with ever-increasing numbers to St. Venant and Béthune, a strong place, where the inhabitants received them with acclamation, and furnished them with the arms necessary to equip two regiments, which being rapidly formed, and aided by a tolerable artillery, laid siege to Arras.

This town, which was much stronger than was necessary to resist so feeble an attack, defended itself for two days merely as a matter of form, and opened its gates on the third. It was not so with the citadel, which was occupied by a regiment of volunteers composed of rabid Imperialists, who made a spirited resistance, and capitulated only at the end of a fortnight, with a very bad grace.

Then they proceeded to form, by royal command, two

regiments chosen from the volunteers who had conducted this campaign with so much enthusiasm. These two regiments were destined to form a part of the Guard; the first of them, commanded by M. de Faraincourt, carried this white flag before Louis XVIII., and later bore it in the campaign led by the Duc d'Angoulême into Spain under the walls of Cadiz.

It is with humility, but with courage, my children, that I persevere in the fulfilment of my promise; my story would be more interesting if my talents were such — weak woman that I am! — as to permit me to touch upon grave and important questions. But I have been obliged to confine myself to writing of what I have myself seen or heard from reliable sources, which accounts for the gaps you may perhaps have remarked; as, for instance, the sojourn of the King at Ghent, his triumphal progress to Paris, the mad enthusiasm of the populace, the disbanding of the Army of the Loire, the occupation of France by foreigners, etc.

Perhaps, my children, the particulars of a great family misfortune may not be known to you, and I will relate them here.

The Prince de Léon, eldest son of your grandfather, the Duc de Rohan, had married in 1809 Mademoiselle de Sérent, daughter of the Comte de Sérent, who died at Quiberon.

On the 10th of January, 1814, Madame de Léon, as she was going out to dine with the Dowager Duchesse d'Orléans, went towards the fireplace to read a letter.

Her dress took fire, and, enveloped in flames, she rushed into the chamber of her husband, who was ill in bed. What a horrible spectacle! These few moments decided her fate; the next morning she was dead. What hours of horrible suffering, borne with angelic sweetness, opened to her the gates of heaven! Cherished by both her families, and admired by every one, Madame de Léon was universally regretted.

The Princesse de Léon was a granddaughter of the Duc de Sérent, governor of the Ducs d'Angoulême and de Berry.

I have now reached the period when, yielding to the urgent entreaties of our family, we left forever the hospitable country where every mark of a constant friendship had been lavished upon us for years. The passage was short; M. de Gontaut was waiting for us at the Hôtel de Rastadt, where I had formerly stayed. We found there also our relations and friends.

The Duc de Berry, always gracious and kindly, came to make us a visit, as well as the Duke of Wellington, who "was determined," he said, "to give to my daughters their first ball." It was an old promise, made in their childhood. The Duc de Berry wished to be there, and appointed the day. Nothing could be more flattering than the welcome which my daughters and I received in society.

Our establishment was ready for us in a few days; a small apartment in the Rue de la Paix, at the corner of the garden belonging to the Hôtel de Gontaut, made

my daughters not only comfortable but happy, as they found another sister in Adèle; and thus we passed a pleasant and happy year.

I was sent for one day to the Tuileries, by Monsieur. He was so kind as to announce to me that the marriage of the Duc de Berry to the Princess Caroline of Naples had just been decided upon, and he was eager to inform me that I had been appointed one of the ladies to receive the Princess at Marseilles and accompany her to Paris. I was deeply grateful to the royal family for selecting me from among the large number of applicants for such a post, owing it as I did to my love for and devotion to the court.

My position was about to be changed; my daughters still needed me, and the thought of leaving them for an indefinite period made me feel anxious. I spoke to my sister-in-law, who understood my anxiety, and did her best to set my mind at rest by assuring me that from the day of my departure my daughters should occupy a small room close to hers; and my two nieces promised to fill my place as much as possible. With my mind at rest on this subject, I occupied myself with my preparations, — court train, mantillas, etc.; all new details for me.

I had to take leave of the King and the Princes before my departure. The Duchesse d'Angoulême condescended to explain to me the particulars of the formation of the Duchesse de Berry's household, which she thought ought to be established on the plan of her own:

six ladies-in-waiting, two of whom would be on duty for a week. She told me that the Comtesse de Bouillé had just been appointed one, and was to go with me. I did not know her. "She is a pretty American, wife of one of the best men in the world," she said to me; "perhaps you may find her amusing. But the one I wish to speak of to you above all is the Maréchale Oudinot, Duchesse de Reggio, who has been appointed lady of honour, who has a charming face, a great deal of tact, and is as fascinating as she is good and beautiful. I am sure you will like her; it is an excellent choice, and I am sure will meet with universal approval. I have no doubt that the Duchesse de Berry will know how to appreciate her. She is to leave after you, with Madame de La Ferronnays, a lady-in-waiting whom you have already known for a long time. Their mission, like yours, is to go to Marseilles and to wait there for the arrival of the Princess. The Comtesse d'Hautefort and the Marquise de Béthisy, the Comtesse de Lauriston and the Comtesse de Gourgues, are to be posted at different places on the route, and will accompany the Princess to Fontainebleau, where she will be received by the King."

When I reached home I found all my preparations finished. The travelling-carriage and the two outriders in the royal livery attracted the attention of the passers-by, and very soon we were surrounded by a crowd.

A lady was already seated in the carriage. She seemed to me rather pretty, but she had on a great deal of

rouge and a bright yellow dress. I knew it must be the American I had heard about.

After the last parting words had been spoken, with all sorts of advice and hopes of soon meeting again, I tore myself away from my children, from my husband, my relations and friends, and in another moment we were off on the road to Marseilles.

My companion seemed to be rather taciturn, and responded coldly to the advances which it is customary to make at the beginning of a long journey. At length she broke silence by saying: "Will you tell me, Madame, why, as I got into this carriage before you did, I was told to sit on the left, and remain there?"

I replied as graciously as possible that it was perhaps a respect which was paid to my venerable age. My maid observed to me in English that the lady did not seem satisfied. I asked Madame de Bouillé if she spoke English; whereupon she replied, "I only speak American."

This original response seemed to occasion her great amusement. I judged from it, what afterwards I became certain of, that she could speak English as well as I; but she was curious, and wished to surprise the confidences which my maid was disposed to make to me.

As we drew nearer the South, the royalist enthusiasm grew more demonstrative; the shouts of "Long live the Duchesse de Berry!" were heard everywhere. Madame de Bouillé was delighted at this, and put herself in full view of the public, saying, with naïve complacency, "Let us make them happy."

Having learned from some of the King's people who accompanied us that this same carriage had carried Napoleon from Waterloo to Paris only a short time before, a throng of reflections surged up in my mind. They had even told me, by way of passing the time, that they could point out mysterious hiding-places, where the Emperor concealed his treasures, despatches, etc. To relieve the tedium of the journey, I amused myself with finding out these hiding-places; and perceiving one of these knobs before me, I unfortunately pressed it, when suddenly a plank was thrown up which carried me with it. I found myself lying stretched out on a hard, narrow, prickly mattress; and I tossed about all one night on the great Emperor's bed of misery, because I could not find the secret which would deliver me from my uncomfortable position, and I did not dare to stop the escort who accompanied us.

The Duc d'Havrey, who was the King's representative, accompanied by officers of the King's household, body-guards, etc., kept always several hours ahead of us; he received at each city the noisy honours due to his embassy, — at his arrival and departure salutes from cannon, bells, and addresses; he had everywhere receptions, honours, and fatigue.

The Baron de Damas, who commanded at Marseilles, received us with great politeness and distinction; and so did his mother, who graciously assisted him in doing the honours of Marseilles. Our pleasure in having reached the end of our journey was soon clouded. A despatch

sent to the Baron de Damas announced to him that a sort of plague, which was ravaging one of the cities in the kingdom of Naples, had delayed the departure of the Princess. When he read the despatch, I saw an expression of dismay depicted on his countenance, which increased as he realised the extent of our numbers. I heard him say in a low tone to his mother, "How shall we amuse them?" I could not help laughing. Something had to be done; and the best way was to treat it as a joke, which set us all at our ease. The fine courtly manners of the old school, of which the Duc d'Havrey was a model, and the gracious sweetness of the Duchesse de Reggio, comforted our host, and the difficulties vanished. As we were treated with great kindness and courtesy by the inhabitants of the city and the country, this period of waiting, which we had so much dreaded, passed off quickly.

The Neapolitan royal family were at Palermo, when the Comte de Blacas was charged by Louis XVIII. to convey his request for an alliance between the Princess Caroline, daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies, and his nephew, the Duc de Berry. The proposal was accepted.

The royal family could not leave Palermo at once, as the epidemic still raged; and it was not until April, 1816, that the Princess Caroline, accompanied by her father and by the Hereditary Princess, came to Naples, where the marriage took place by proxy. The Prince de Salerne, the Duc de Berry's uncle, represented him in this ceremony.

The departure for Marseilles was decided upon; but by an excess of prudence, which caused a good deal of grumbling among ourselves, the Sanitary Commission declared that before making her entry into Marseilles the Princess and her suite must submit to a quarantine of ten days at the Lazaretto. We had to submit, however, and make known this fact at Naples.

Towards the middle of May, Princess Caroline left Naples, accompanied by the Comtesse de La Tour, her governess, by the Prince de San Nicandro, ambassador extraordinary and commissioner appointed by the King of Naples to escort the Princess and the two witnesses to the marriage by proxy,—the Prince de Ruffo-Scilla, and General de La Tour, aide-de-camp to the King.

The Princess embarked with her suite in a Neapolitan frigate, convoyed by a ship and a corvette of the same nation. This squadron was preceded by a light French vessel commanded by Comte Baptiste de Villeneuve-Bargemont, who was charged to give notice of the arrival of the Princess, which was announced by a salute of a hundred guns from the fort at Marseilles, which made our hearts beat faster, but renewed our regrets at being still kept from her for ten days, although so near.

In an instant the harbour of Marseilles was covered with shallops, barks, flowers, white flags, etc.; the crowd hurried forward to the prescribed limit, which no one was allowed to pass. We, more dignified, tried to make out the Princess from a distance; she saw us, we were sure, by the cordial signals which she made to

us. We followed her with our eyes and with our hearts until she entered the Lazaretto. Then we returned to the Préfecture, where we looked for Madame de La Ferronnays, whom we had not been able to find. To our great astonishment, we learned that she had started off alone the moment the arrival of Madame was signalled, to shut herself up in the Lazaretto. The Duc d'Havrey and the Duchesse de Reggio had not heard of it and seemed surprised, but said nothing; so I asked no questions.

After the arrival of Madame in quarantine, she sent for us to come to her; we saw her through a grating in a little parlour where we went every day. Madame seemed to us gracious, agreeable, good, kindly, and gay; and in short we were all charmed with her. The great sweetness of the Duchesse de Reggio pleased her at once; Madame de Bouillé astonished her. Madame had heard from the Duc d'Havrey of the sacrifice I had made in leaving my daughters to come to meet her, and she was always talking about it. Wishing to learn what interested each one of the persons who were to be about her in future, she had had everything explained to her, and with her royal memory she forgot nothing, which made us think her very amiable.

We saw that Madame de La Ferronnays had joined Madame de La Tour and all the persons who had just come from Naples, and we concluded, though without having any certain information of it, that she would be obliged to remain in quarantine as long as Madame

was detained there, whom they all tried to amuse by various pleasure-parties, such as fishing, jousting, military music, etc. She seemed quite touched by this, and did not apparently find the time intolerably long.

At this point of my narrative I find myself suffering greatly from violent spasms of the heart and weakness of vision. I have been expressly forbidden to write, and I should be discouraged if my desire to please you were not stronger than my reason. They tell me that it is impossible for me to continue my undertaking, as, owing to the rapid flow of my ideas, I have never been able to dictate; so that it is the impossible that I am going to attempt, in order to fulfil my promise. I have taken for my secretary the young and gentle sister of my faithful Maria; and as I give up my pen to her, I ask you, my children, to redouble your indulgence for the poor blind suffering octogenarian who can see only with her heart, and I resume my story.

The joyous salutes of the guns in the fortress announced to the city that Madame was about to appear among us. We waited for her at the harbour, and we mingled with the persons of her suite, to whom we were at length permitted to offer our cordial welcome.

The crowd was immense, the acclamations uproarious, and joy reigned in all hearts.

Madame proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville over a road strewn with flowers. In the great hall we found the Marquis de Rochemore, master of ceremonies, who pointed out each person's seat. We were placed in

the portion allotted to France. After the signature of the official documents, there was a touching scene. The persons who had accompanied Madame perceiving that the moment of parting with her had come, all fell on their knees, kissing with respect and emotion the hands which she held out to them. The Duc d'Havrey announced to Madame that France claimed her; we were presented by the lady-of-honour, whom she embraced. Madame de La Ferronnays, lady-in-waiting, was charged with presenting to the Princess her trousseau and the magnificent *corbeille* given by the King. Then she explained to her a custom to which Madame was obliged to submit, — that of changing all her garments and putting on those offered her by France. She appeared again perfectly resplendent, and was generally admired. The civil and military authorities were presented to her; they thought her charming, very gracious to them all. She appeared to be happy, and quite satisfied with the respectful attention with which she was surrounded, and which followed her as she proceeded from the Hôtel de Ville to the Préfecture.

She found there young girls of the first families of Marseilles, who brought her the customary presents. On that same day there was a grand dinner, a reception, fireworks, and an illumination; on those following, balls, concerts, plays, etc.

Madame desired to make a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de la Garde. She went on foot, wishing, as she said, that her first step might be taken in going to pray for

the prosperity of France. She was followed not only by the persons of her suite, but one might almost say by all the inhabitants of the city.

When she left Marseilles, Madame spent two days at Toulon visiting the harbour and its sights; then, making her way towards Paris, she made a sojourn in each of the principal cities, greeted everywhere with enthusiasm and festivities.

The festival of the *Fête-Dieu*, which I remember perfectly, because it was so strange and new to me, dates back to the time of King René, who in 1448, after his misfortunes, which are too well known to be repeated here, withdrew to Aix, the city he most liked. He there instituted the famous procession which I am about to describe to you. This festival was intended to represent the triumph of the Christian religion over idolatry, by the introduction of allegorical personages, bringing in the pagan gods, whom the presence of the Saviour drives back into hell.

At the head of the procession came Mercury, the goddess of Night, and Pluto, surrounded by a multitude of demons, Diana, Cupid, Venus, and Mars, all marching in single file; then came lepers, guards, dancers, and drums.

Following the mythological divinities came biblical personages, — the Queen of Sheba going to visit Solomon; Moses, with the tables of the Law in his hand, making great efforts to bring back to the worship of the true God the Jews, who mocked him by dancing round a

golden calf made of pasteboard. After the Jews came the apostles, with the traitor Judas at their head, carrying his bag in his hand, in which were the thirty pieces of silver, the price of his treachery. As a punishment for his infamy, all the apostles struck him on the head with pieces of wood. The Abbé of Youth, the King of the Basoche, the Prince of Love, preceded the canopy of the Holy Sacrament, followed by a crowd of priests in various costumes. Death finally closed the procession. The bells of all the churches were ringing throughout the duration of the procession.

The reception that Madame met with at Lyons was one of the most remarkable; the festivities were magnificent. Madame stayed there three days. There we found Madame d'Hautefort and Madame de Béthisy. When she reached Nemours, Madame de Lauriston and Madame de Gourgues were presented to her. She received there gracious letters from the Duc de Berry, from the Princes, and from the King himself, who told her that he was so eager to see her that he was starting for Fontainebleau in order to be nearer to her. Madame went into retreat for two days at Nemours.

I have now come to that great day which had been so long dreaded by our timid Princess. When she turned into the road leading to Fontainebleau, it was already thronged with persons eager to render homage to her. Nothing could be more magnificent and impressive than the scene which met our eyes. In the circle in the Forest of Fontainebleau was placed a gorgeous tent,

resplendent with gold, which was perfectly dazzling in the sunshine; ladies in full toilette and white plumes surrounded the King, who came forward as soon as the carriage of the Princess came in sight. Madame, who was very much agitated, went forward quickly, threw herself on her knees, kissed his hands, and said a few words which seemed to please him; he raised her, pressed her to his heart, and presented her to the Dauphiness, who embraced her. At this moment the Duc de Berry came forward; the King joined their hands, and said a few pleasant words, and then they looked at each other. What a moment when one tries to imagine what one's whole future life may be like! He seemed to be pleased with her, for I heard him say in a low voice to Madame de La Ferronnays, "I am sure I shall love her." It was very affecting when Monsieur held out his arms to his young daughter-in-law and she implored his protection, which he promised should be hers in full measure.

Monseigneur, perceiving the timidity of the Princess, spoke very kindly to her, which reassured her. The Princes returned to the château, and the festivities began.

I was very glad to find at Fontainebleau Madame de Biron, who brought me news of my daughters.

Every evening the Duc de Berry was obliged to leave Fontainebleau, as custom did not permit him to sleep under the same roof with the Princess. Madame seemed to be pleased with Monseigneur; she told me she thought him even handsomer than his portrait, which he had sent her at Naples.

After a short stay the royal family left Fontainebleau, the King and the Princes together in one carriage, with ours behind. The crowd was immense, especially as we drew near Paris. The Marshals and all the great men of the kingdom were there to escort the King's carriage.

The farther we advanced on the Boulevards, the more frequent were the decorations with white flags. I must say it was a fine sight. The Princess was astonished and dazzled, but it was no more than I expected.

The Boulevards seemed to me interminable, for only one thought occupied my mind, — the moment when I should see that garden of the Hôtel de Gontaut where my daughters were waiting for me. We were almost there at last, when an aide-de-camp of the King stopped our carriage and ordered us to hasten to the Tuileries and to wait there to receive the Princess. I must confess that I felt at this all the impatience of a spoiled child. We had to turn round and gallop as fast as our six horses would carry us through the Rue de l'Echelle, to which I took a violent dislike from that moment; and I am glad, even now, in 1854, to see the destruction of it.

When we reached the Tuileries there was a grand reception, at which Madame was present.

At last I was set free for a moment, and I had the happiness of finding myself with those who were so dear to me. The most tender care had been lavished on my daughters. There is really a strong family affection existing among us, — a precious but rare commodity, which I have gratefully enjoyed since my return home.

The next day the marriage of the Duchesse de Berry took place at Notre Dame. All Paris assisted at this august royal ceremony: a brilliant procession, an immense crowd, a fatiguing morning; then the return to the Tuileries, in the midst of acclamations, a reception and dinner.

A gala dinner is a very fatiguing ceremony. There has not been one for several years now, and I do not believe any one regrets it. I will describe this one, then, perhaps the last, which took place on the wedding-day of the Duchesse de Berry.

Persons who had not been presented at court were permitted to view the tables by passing along an estrade in the gallery of Diana.

At the royal table were the King and the royal Princes and Princesses; the Princes of the blood were not admitted there. The Duc de Bourbon, Grand Master of France, whose duty it was to preside over the dinner, excused himself under various pretexts, and Prince de Talleyrand, the Grand Chamberlain, took his place. The Comte de Cossé, first *maître d'hôtel*, preceded the King as he conducted him to the table. During dinner, every time the King wished to drink, the cup-bearer proclaimed the fact in a loud voice (according to etiquette).

The first gentlemen of the bedchamber, the aides-de-camp, etc., and the Princesses' ladies-in-waiting in full dress were all standing up, the Duchesses alone having tabourets.

I must confess that the *coup d'œil* of this State dinner

was beautiful and imposing; but I also must whisper in your ear that nothing could be more wearisome for the persons who were obliged to stand through it in the intolerable heat and amid the crash of a huge orchestra.

After three days spent in magnificent festivals of all kinds, the Duc and Duchesse de Berry established themselves at the Élysée, already pleasing themselves with the idea of the tranquil happiness they were about to enjoy.

My daughters at this time were eighteen years old,—a period at which it is usual, the early education being completed, to begin to think of the pleasures and amusements of society. It was not so with us, however; my dear daughters understood that a second finishing education would contribute to the happiness of all their future lives, so they resigned themselves, had good masters, and went on working.

A portion of my family went that same year to spend the summer at the baths in the Pyrenees; my husband accompanied them, and also Charles and Adèle. They made me promise to look after their brother Fernand, who, being greatly depressed by the death of his father and the departure of his mother for the South, required all the care a friend could bestow; and I promised my dear Adèle to do all I could for him.

A short time after the return of Louis XVIII., the Duc de Rohan began his service as first gentleman of the bedchamber to the King; and having established himself at the Tuileries, assembled around him the best society

and all that Paris could offer of amusements of every sort. A short illness carried him off suddenly. His death was regarded as a public misfortune, on account of his amiable and conciliatory character, and his position about the King. During his illness Fernand never left him, and his devotion to his father and his deep grief for his loss made me very fond of him. He came to us; I took care of him, and he was deeply grateful; he often spent his evenings with us, and he liked to take us about and show us Paris, of which we knew so little. His elder brother, the Prince de Léon, often came to play and sing with my daughters. When he sang with Charlotte, he imitated perfectly her English accent, which greatly amused us all.

My daughters were fond of sketching from nature. The Duc de Berry allowed them to make sketches of the pretty views at Bagatelle, and Fernand went with us. That day, which I remember distinctly, changed the whole course of life for Josephine. During a walk which I took with him, he talked to me a great deal about my daughters, praising them both highly, but Josephine in particular, dwelling on her amiable and solid qualities, and finished by asking for her hand. I was very much pleased. I was very fond of Fernand, and his proposal could not fail to give me pleasure; but after I had expressed this, I felt that I must urge him to consider his own position and ours. He was not rich, and Josephine was still less so. He knew this; but he still persisted, and made me promise to intercede for

him with M. de Gontaut, and we agreed that he should not speak to Josephine till we had received her father's reply. This was favourable, and expressed his paternal affection, his kindly feeling for Fernand, and his confidence in my prudence and my maternal love; and a short time after he returned to Paris with the rest of our family.

The Duc de Berry, who had never forgotten the proofs of attachment Fernand had given him, was very fond of him, and approved of this marriage entirely. "Fernand, although so young, is already a colonel," he said, "my first aide-de-camp, a gentleman of honour, and by his own position and that of his family he can aspire to anything; therefore the smallness of his fortune at present, it seems to me, ought not to be an obstacle."

I no longer concealed from my daughter what had been occupying my mind for so long, and I was glad to see that she was happy in the prospect of this marriage.

Some time after this, two marriages took place in our family, on the same day and before the same altar,—that of Fernand de Chabot, then Prince de Léon, with Josephine, and that of Mademoiselle de Chabot with the Marquis de Lambertye. On this occasion their aunt, the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld, afterwards Marquise de Castellane, gave a splendid *fête* in her beautiful house in the Rue de l'Arcade.

The day when my beloved daughter left me to live in the house of her mother-in-law, the Duchesse de Rohan, was a very cruel one for me.

After fifteen months of a happy, agreeable, and tranquil life, the Duchesse de Berry gave birth to a daughter; no doubt a prince would have been more welcome, but the little Princess was soon beloved. She died a few days after her birth, however, which was a great grief to Monseigneur and Madame.

The Bishop of Amiens, almoner of the Duc de Berry, the Duchesse de Lévis, mother of the actual Duc, and myself were appointed to accompany the funeral procession of the young Princess. It started at midnight, proceeding very slowly, escorted by body-guards and lighted by torches; the church was empty, and the royal tomb open. This young offshoot of the royal race was laid at the foot of Louis XVI.'s tomb. The darkness of the night and the profound silence, broken only by the sound of footsteps and the clinking of arms, was very depressing.

The Duchesse d' Angoulême had me summoned the next morning to give her the particulars of this sad night. I told her that I prayed beside the coffin which enclosed the precious remains of the martyred King, and even touched it. She took my hand and pressed it to her heart. She wept, and I was deeply moved.

That same day, M. Papillon de La Ferté, steward of the King's private purse, by the King's orders called upon Madame de Montsoreau, the *gouvernante*, to send back the layette; but she, not having any orders to that effect from the Duc de Berry, refused to give it up. On the evening of that same day the demand was repeated,

and again refused. Madame de Montsoreau met Monseigneur, but perceiving his sadness at the death of his child, did not venture to speak on the subject of the layette. Two refusals of Madame de Montsoreau to obey the King's orders seemed to the steward almost a crime of *lèse-majesté*. He hurried off to report this to Monseigneur, met him in the Champs Élysées returning from Bagatelle, and complained bitterly of the *gouvernante*. Monseigneur, who knew nothing about the matter, was indignant, and in this state of mind reached the Élysée, and unfortunately found there M. de La Ferronnays, and accused his mother-in-law of an ignoble motive. M. de La Ferronnays could not put up with this, and was carried away by his indignation to the point of disrespect to the Prince, who seized two swords, and offered one to M. de La Ferronnays. He refused it, saying, "A gentleman cannot fight with one of the heirs to the throne, but he can leave him;" and then left the room.

The Duc de Berry sprang into the carriage he had just left, and went in all haste to assure the King that such disobedience to his commands could only come from a misunderstanding for which he was not to blame. The King understood and comforted him, and they talked together for a long time. On the Duc's return to the Élysée, he learned that M. and Madame de La Ferronnays and their children and M. and Madame de Montsoreau had already left the palace.

This hot temper, quick as lightning to flash out, was

the one defect of Monseigneur's character; but being very warm-hearted, affectionate, and just, he was always ready to repair a hundredfold the wrong inflicted by his want of reflection. He felt that his friend was revenging himself upon him by this action, posing before France as the victim to the cruelty of a prince, and it cut him to the heart.

Monseigneur had rightly judged of the effect this step would have on the public mind. The people saw only a family ruined; one friend offered to M. de La Ferronnays his wife's dowry, another sent him her diamond bracelets.

The next day Madame sent for me. I found her in bed, suffering very much. She told me how distressed Monseigneur felt. "Go to him," she said, "and comfort him; he needs a calm and sincere friend like you to talk with. In his present state of mind you can say anything to him."

I went to find him; he was walking alone in one of the gloomiest avenues in the garden.

"You see how unhappy I am," he said. "I could not have believed it! They have all left me, all of them, without a single regret! Without even telling me! and while I was away too! Oh, it is horrible!"

I ventured to question him gently, and he replied to me frankly: "I will begin by confessing that I was too impetuous; it is owing to my unhappy temper. But what obstinacy! To resist the positive orders of the King, twice repeated, without informing me of it! To

wish to keep that wretched layette,—it was base! it was infamous!"

Here I interrupted him quickly. "It was only a little awkwardness," I said; "I do not in the least believe she wished to keep it; but Madame de Montsoreau is timid. You know, Monseigneur, one must have as much indulgence for feeble and irresolute characters as for hot-blooded ones. Anger, alas! crushes and bruises; but you should look at the intention. When the heart is right, the intentions are pure. You know this, Monseigneur, for your heart has never led you astray."

Here he stopped me, and said: "Madame de La Ferronnays has already displeased the King by shutting herself up in the Lazaretto without orders from me. I never could understand her taking such a step."

"If Monseigneur will permit me, I think I can clear up this point by relating a conversation I had at Marseilles with the Duc d'Havrey. 'At court,' he said to me, 'awkwardness or clumsiness ought to be carefully avoided. It puts a weapon into the hands of envious persons, and ought to be scrupulously guarded against.' It was Madame de La Ferronnays' intention to take this opportunity to bring to the knowledge of the Princess Monseigneur's noble qualities of mind and heart, and to teach her to love him even before seeing him. Her zeal carried her away; she did not stop to reflect upon the impropriety of taking such a step without consulting either the Duchesse de Reggio or Monsei-

gneur. It was not a deliberately planned proceeding, but merely a sudden impulse of kindliness; and then, being naturally timid, she took no steps to repair what Maréchal Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, considered an insult, and of which he complained to the King."

Monseigneur listened calmly to this explanation, and seemed to understand it; and before leaving him, I felt sure that his kind heart would point out the way not only to console, but also to be of use now and in the future to this family whom he had so long loved.

M. de La Ferronnays was appointed ambassador to Russia that same year. This path opened to him by our poor Prince was pursued after the latter's death. He became ambassador to Russia; in 1828 Minister for Foreign Affairs, succeeding Baron de Damas, then governor of the Duc de Bordeaux; in 1829 ambassador to Rome: he died there in 1841.

The year which followed this temporary trouble at the Élysée has left on my mind only the general impression of peace and tranquillity.

The Duchesse de Berry, in order to occupy her mornings, had engaged masters, surrounded herself with ladies who were attached to her, and allowed me to bring Charlotte with me. She often gave little balls and concerts, to which all the Orléans family were invited. Monsieur, the Dauphin, and the Dauphiness were always present, and seemed to enjoy them. The Duc de Berry was very amiable on these occasions.

I had received many proposals of marriage for Char-

lotte, with regard to which she was now of an age to be consulted. It was then that Adèle spoke to me of the Comte de Bourbon-Busset, whom every one seemed to like, and whom I did not know at all. Charlotte had met him at Adèle's, and said to me, "I do not feel afraid of him."

I spoke of the matter to the Duc de Berry, who said, "He is my cousin, and nothing would please me better; but as I cannot exactly trace the relationship, the King will be delighted to do it for you. There is nothing he likes better than genealogy."

That same evening when I accompanied the Duchesse de Berry to the Tuileries, Monseigneur asked the King to explain to me the relationship between the Bourbon-Bussets and the reigning branch of the royal family.

"The closest relationship," replied the King, with a smile; "for instance, they were sons of the same father. But that is a long time ago, and you must go back to the Bishop of Liège, who descended from the sixth son of Saint Louis. You must not be scandalised at the idea of a married bishop.

"Liège was an ecclesiastical principality, the ruler of which must of necessity be a bishop. Louis de Bourbon was only eighteen when it became vacant, but he obtained it through the influence of his name and on the express condition of taking orders when he should come of age; but finding his vocation in an entirely opposite direction to this, he married Catherine d'Egmont, daughter of the Duke of Gueldres, without

having obtained the consent of his brother, Jean II., Duc de Bourbon, or of the King, Louis XI., who would not recognise the marriage. Notwithstanding, it was consummated, and three children were born in the space of several years anterior to 1466, — a period at which, tormented by the armed revolts of his subjects, the Liégois, and the representations of his family, Louis at length consented to take orders, — a tardy and useless resolution, since, being again forced to fight against constant sedition, he was assassinated on the bridge of Liège, in 1482, by William de La Marck.

"It was not until long after his death that his children, by command of the King, were recognised as *true and legitimate descendants of this royal house of Bourbon, and issue of a lawful marriage, authorised to bear the arms, the livery, as well as the many honours of the said house in all their integrity*, without, however, being able to change the division which had already been made of the Duchy of Bourbon."

The King added, "As to his military career, Maréchal Soult, under whose orders he served for a long time, could tell you about that."

I saw the Maréchal soon afterwards. "He goes to battle," he said, "as one would go to a ball; it is his life, his element. During the war in Spain, one unfortunate day, I was observing the disposition of the English army, lorgnette in hand. Bourbon-Busset warned me to move away: it was his duty to defend the passage of a bridge which the English were trying to cross. He

had his brother with him, and about twenty-five *chasseurs*. I continued my observations; Bourbon-Busset reiterated his advice, and perceiving that I was in danger of being killed or captured, he threw himself upon the enemy with the few men whom he commanded, fought desperately, had two horses killed under him, was wounded, taken prisoner, and carried to the tent of Marshal Beresford, who treated him with great respect, even conversing with him upon the position of the two armies, and sent him under a good escort to Lisbon.

"He was shut up with the galley-slaves, among whom he found some French officers and soldiers, who, more fortunate than he, were transferred to England as prisoners of war. For him they reserved the fatal honour of imprisonment in the fortress of Sétubal, a small seaport, whence he succeeded in escaping with a surgeon and one of his soldiers, by sliding down a cord tied on to their sheets upon the terrace, from which he descended by the same means to the sea at low tide, and from there reached the deserts of Alentejo, where they wandered about for five days. Exhausted with hunger and fatigue, they found themselves only three miles from the French army, when they were recaptured, and conducted to the house of the Inquisition.

"M. de Bourbon-Busset, during the long wars with Spain, had heard some horrible particulars concerning the Inquisition; and as soon as he heard the order given to take him there, he perceived the gravity of the situ-

ation. When he entered this frightful place, the opening of the door gave light enough to show him a long vaulted dungeon. He reflected that this was probably only a passage which must have an outlet somewhere, and as he would never give up trying to gain his freedom, he felt that he must succeed in finding it. They showed him a small pallet, a jug of water, a piece of bread, and told him this would be renewed every twenty-four hours. They shut the door of his cell; he heard them shoot the bolt, and found himself in absolute darkness. He did not lose a moment in trying to find some outlet, but he could discover nothing; then he felt along the walls with his hands to find the extreme end of what he believed to be a subterranean gallery, and finally used his feet to discover what it was like on the ground. He soon perceived that this passage descended rather abruptly; he kept on, and suddenly found his feet bathed in very cold water. He stopped, found a rather heavy stone, which he threw before him, and he could judge by the sound as it fell that he was on the brink of a gulf. He saw that he must renounce this means of escape, and return to the point he had started from. This was a frightful moment, but he was a Christian, and he said to himself, 'There is hope in God.'

"The Spaniards having claimed him from the Portuguese government, he was re-conducted, under a strong guard, to the fort of the Corogne, and afterwards put on a pontoon among the convicts, who became enthusias-

tically attached to him. He found some French soldiers there also, prisoners like himself.

"Having had some communication with an English merchant captain who promised to set him free if he would give him the little money he had left, he imprudently did so. The signal agreed upon was a lantern hung out on the side of the ship. As soon as he saw it, he threw himself into the sea, and swam about for a long time. As the light seemed always to recede, he at length began to feel anxious; he redoubled his efforts, and then the light disappeared altogether. He saw that he had been betrayed, and that now his only chance was to try to reach the pontoon again; after an hour and a half of continued effort, he at length reached it, but so exhausted that after having caught the cord by which he had descended, he kept it in his hand, but for a long time had not strength enough to attempt to climb up. Finally he succeeded in getting back again just before daybreak.

"The idea of regaining his freedom and of rejoining the army became so fixed in his mind that he could not give it up. He made another attempt, promised, but this time did not pay, the price of his liberty in advance. This last attempt was a complete success; he got away easily, and was received on board the ship which awaited him, by the good and honourable captain who commanded it, and who carried him to England, where he was obliged to declare himself a prisoner of war, and went honourably to his prison at Reading. Monsieur

had him set at liberty and offered him the command of a foreign regiment in the pay of England. But, French to the backbone as he was, he could not accept. Monsieur approved his loyalty, and understood that he felt bound by his oath to return to his regiment."

As he ended, the Maréchal apologised for the length of his narrative, of which, however, his affection and esteem for Comte Bourbon-Busset would not permit him to omit a single fact.

This story was told to me more than thirty years ago, and yet I remember every word the Maréchal said; and in order to give you the full particulars of the very interesting career of my son-in-law, whom I have learned not only to appreciate, but to love, I am going, contrary to all rules of eloquence, to turn back to the beginning of his history.

You will think perhaps that I am in my dotage; this is not true; but as I am telling this story to my two children, I must claim your indulgence.

The father and mother of Comte de Bourbon-Busset were obliged to emigrate at the time of the Revolution of '91, leaving two children to the care of their grandfather, who died on the 17th of January, 1793, having made a will giving the estate of Busset to his grandchildren, and the usufruct of this property to their father. The Republic, having seized for its own uses this right of usufruct, sold the furniture of the château and took possession of the land. These poor children being thus left alone, the friends or relatives of the family engaged

Chevalier Duprat as tutor for them; but this very worthy gentleman had hardly reached Busset when he was arrested by the order of the Committee of Public Safety, and taken to Paris, where he was immediately condemned to death, without a trial. The two young Bourbon-Bussets, abandoned for the second time, were taken to Cusset, where a deputy named Forestier seized them and carried them in chains from prison to prison until they reached Paris. They arrived there after the session of the Committee had closed, and they were left alone, shut up for twenty-four hours, without any food except a piece of bread which was given them by the compassionate gendarme who had brought them there.

The Committee having condemned them to be transported and to be sent in a ship from Nantes, they were in the mean while taken to the prison of the Luxembourg. The monsters who had charge of them said:

"We are bringing you two little Capets whose name is Bourbon."

The Vicomte de Bourbon-Busset, the uncle of these two children, was in the prison at that time. When he heard the name he was struck by it, and going up to the poor children, he began to ask them questions. But misfortune teaches prudence even to children, and they scarcely dared reply to the questions which were asked of them. However, he at length succeeded in gaining the confidence of the elder, and he said to him, gently: "Give me some proof of the truth of what you are saying, and you will have no cause to regret it."

"I have an uncle in Paris," replied the boy, "whose name is Vicomte de Bourbon-Busset; he gave me a watch which I am very fond of, and I managed to save it."

The poor child drew the watch out from under his coat, where he had hidden it next his heart.

His uncle held out his arms, and from that moment the boy knew he was saved; since he had an uncle, he was no longer alone. The Vicomte de Bourbon-Busset, saved by the death of Robespierre, watched over his nephews with the tenderest care. As soon as their prison doors were opened, he placed them at the College of Effiat. Afterwards the estate of Busset was restored to Francis; he established himself there with his brother, and received his parents there when they returned from exile. They lived on this estate honoured and happy until the end.

The noble blood which flowed in his veins could not submit to a tame country life in those stirring times; he entered the army, and went through all the campaigns, all the wars, and he is now on the high road to glory and honour.

My life at court had given me the sad conviction that there is no such thing as universal approbation; but as Comte de Bourbon-Busset seemed to have attained to it as nearly as possible, I hoped that his marriage with Charlotte would be for her happiness. M. de Gontaut consented to it and all our family approved, and then I mentioned it to the King and the Princes. As

the Duc de Berry was away hunting that day, I wrote to tell him the news, in which I was sure he would feel interested, reminding him that he had been the first to suggest it; and then I added that though I rejoiced for my child's sake, yet I was very sad at the thought of being left alone for the first time in my life.

I will give here Monseigneur's reply: —

"I am delighted to hear that Charlotte is about to become my cousin; and as for you, my dear good friend, you shall not be left alone. Come and live with us; we will offer you the place of lady-in-waiting, which, as you know, has been vacant for a year. You would live at the Élysée; my wife will await your reply with impatience. Come and give it to us yourself."

I hurried off at once, but I was far from expecting that when Monseigneur and Madame had heard my reply gratefully accepting their kind offer, they would add to their kindness by thanking *me*. I was quite overcome, and they were glad to see me so happy. How could I help loving princes who were so thoughtful of my comfort!

They gaily showed me over the apartment which was destined for me, above that of Madame. The view of the Champs Élysées was superb, and very lively. It was the same apartment which the little King of Rome had occupied; and everywhere there were evidences of the tender care with which he had been surrounded: the panels were padded to the height of a child of six or seven years, and the whole apartment was hung with

green silk, which was still fresh and beautiful, and afforded a pleasant light for the eyes. This evidence of human forethought which had been brought to nought by the Divine will gave us food for thought, and for a moment even my Princess was a little pensive. Then she cried: "Come, let us think of the happy future. I am merry, and I wish to enjoy it. Your apartment is charming and spacious; you have three *salons*, and you shall give balls for me, which will be a hundred times more amusing than ours, for you have not our obligations. Come, promise me that you will give balls, won't you?"

As I was very willing to do so, I was about to assent, when Monseigneur said sadly, "Ah, Caroline, you think of nothing but amusing yourself."

"Well, why should n't I?" she replied. "I am so young!" And stamping her foot, with a smile, and putting her pretty hand over his mouth, she said: "Now, don't talk to me of the time when I shall be a widow; I cannot bear it."

Monseigneur smiled sadly. "I know I am wrong," he said, "but the idea haunts me; I have been thinking a great deal of your widowhood lately."

"What an extraordinary pleasantry!" said Madame; and taking me by the arm, she drew me out of the apartment, and he followed us.

The joke about the widowhood had been often repeated, although Madame could not endure it. We sometimes talked about it privately, but could not understand

it. M. de Nantouillet had remarked it, and feared that Monseigneur had received some anonymous threats. Sometime after, finding Monseigneur alone in the *salon*, he called me into his cabinet, and showed me an open letter. "Look at this," he said; "I am sure this paper is poisoned. Don't touch it; when I opened it I had a horrible sensation. The letter is insignificant, and gives no clue to the sender; it is merely a request for aid, without either name or address."

I entreated him to tell M. Decazes of it. I do not know whether he did so, but he begged me to keep it secret, as he did not wish to disturb Madame.

During the ordinary preparations for the marriage, M. de Bourbon-Busset and Charlotte saw a great deal of each other, and grew more attached every day. I had learned to esteem him before; now I learned to love him.

I used to regret having only two daughters; but having been so happy as to find in my sons-in-law the tenderness of sons of my own, I felt I could thank Providence, for now I lacked nothing.

The evening before the wedding we had a brilliant party at the Hôtel de Gontaut; an actor, whose name I have forgotten, had a great success: but a poor mother who is parting from her daughter is far too sad to be amused by such things.

Charlotte lived at the Hôtel de Gontaut for several days; then, M. de Bourbon-Busset having been appointed to inspect the troops in the South of France,

they were obliged to depart. Charlotte's timidity took fright; but recognising the obligations of her position, she did the honours for soldiers of all ranks and of all ages, and found them all very kind and courteous. Her husband, knowing what this duty must cost her, was very grateful to her, and hastened to tell me of it.

Josephine had accompanied her mother-in-law, the Duchesse de Rohan, to Roche-Guyon; and as soon as Charlotte left Paris, all my family, and with them M. de Gontaut, having departed for the waters in the Pyrenees, I established myself at the Élysée. As my income was doubled, I had a carriage *all to myself*, and an establishment on a suitable, though economical, scale. I gave little balls as often as Madame wished it; and as she paid the expenses, they were very elegant, which pleased Monseigneur. It was at this time that a superb costume ball was given at the Élysée.

As my duties were shared by the Duchesse de Reggio, they were both honourable and agreeable; we were obliged, each in our turn, to accompany Madame on Sundays when she went to visit the King, and when she went to church, and to do the honours at receptions, — in the morning to men, and in the evening to ladies. The necessity of presenting each one by name was a perfect torture for me, as I never could remember names. It was an evil for which there was no remedy. The Princes were aware of this defect of mine, and they were greatly amused by it. I will give you an instance.

The marriage of M. de Bourbon-Busset having been

arranged, he went, in accordance with etiquette, to thank the King and Princes for giving their consent to it. M. de Bourbon-Busset was there on the first day of my attendance as lady-in-waiting. He entered the room. I saw him, and I said, pointing him out to Madame, "That is he."

She was wicked enough to insist upon my telling her his name.

"It is the same as your own," I replied.

"Oh, it is Caroline, then?" she replied; and calling to Monseigneur, she told him of my embarrassment. The amusement was general, and they often repeated this incident.

I ought to mention here also that Madame was always so kind, whenever she saw me hesitate, as to tell me in a low voice the names of the persons who were approaching, for I was also so unfortunate as to be short-sighted.

A good memory is a royal quality; our Princes never forgot a friend, and they could remember every face and every name.

Madame and Monseigneur were very fond of the play, and they often went, having boxes at all the theatres. They were always kind about giving me the use of the vacant ones to dispose of among my foreign friends who during long years of exile had never ceased to show their friendship for me.

During the summer Madame and Monseigneur often dined in the garden of the Élysée; and when they

knew that I was alone, they sent for me to join them. Nothing could be more charming and friendly than these dinners *à trois*.

The memory of that year, which passed without a cloud, is very sweet; but the following one was marred by the death of a pretty little girl of my dear Josephine's. It is a cruel blow for a poor mother, the death of a first child. My daughter's grief awoke a painful echo in my heart.

The Duchesse de Berry became *enceinte*, and we had no more balls, only a few concerts and small parties; and then suddenly one night they came for me in all haste. Madame was ill; the Duchesse d'Orléans had sent her a watermelon, of which Madame had eaten a great deal, and her pains were attributed to this. Monseigneur told me to call the Duchesse d'Angoulême; she came, and was absolutely perfect, caring for Madame as if she had been her own daughter; and after several hours the Duchesse de Berry was delivered of a son. Her pregnancy had lasted only six months and a half; the child was alive, being perfectly well formed. The Bishop of Amiens baptised him two hours before his death.

Monseigneur was in despair at this accident. Did he foresee that the death of this child would be the signal for his own?

Complete tranquillity succeeded to the agitation of the period I have just described. Madame was obliged to take great care of herself.

I will take advantage of this moment of repose to speak of our Princess's young companion, Suzette de La Tour, tracing the genealogy of her family and that of her mother. Her father, Comte de La Tour en Woëvre, of a noble family of Lorraine, emigrated with his relatives, and was brought up in Italy by his maternal grandfather, Comte de Richecourt; he married his cousin, Mademoiselle d'Heillimer, daughter of Comte d'Heillimer, Baron of the Holy Empire, etc. Comte de La Tour was afterwards lieutenant-general, aide-de-camp to the King of Naples, vice-admiral, gentleman of the bed-chamber, grand cross of St. Stephen, of St. Lazare of France, etc.

Madame de La Tour at her marriage was appointed lady-in-waiting to the Queen, then governess at the birth of the Princess Caroline. She had many children, among them Suzette, whom I am going to introduce to you.

When the Duchesse de Berry was about leaving Italy, she obtained Madame de La Tour's consent to her daughter Suzette's accompanying her; and when Madame de La Tour was obliged to return to Italy, she prevailed upon her to leave with her this friend of her childhood. Madame de La Tour consented, confiding in Madame's friendship; and she entreated me to watch over her daughter, which I promised to do with all my heart. She said to me when she went away: "I do not give her up, but I trust her to the tender care of the best of mothers."

Madame de La Tour's friends in Paris advised that

Suzette should be placed in a *pension* of high repute, which would make her feel easier about her during her absence. I often went to see her, and my daughters were sincerely attached to her. The Duchesse de Berry lavished the most tender care upon her, and all the court felt an interest in her.

At length she reached an age when it was time to think of her marriage. General Montéléger, aide-de-camp of the Duc de Berry, spoke to me of one of his friends. "My friend is a perfect treasure for honour and uprightness," he said to me, "and he has thought of Mademoiselle de La Tour from childhood. He is Comte de Meffray, the son of an ancient and noble family of Dauphiny, and is allied to the best families in France. He is personally very agreeable, is very amiable in character, and — I mention *after* all what the world considers *before* all — he has a fortune which leaves nothing to be desired."

I was charmed with this description. I spoke of the matter to Monseigneur and Madame, who shared my opinion and begged me to arrange the affair. The young couple first saw each other at the Hôtel de Gontaut, and then at my house, where they met often and were mutually pleased. Madame took the deepest interest in Suzette; we reported everything to her, and everything having been settled, the marriage was decided upon; it took place in the chapel of the Élysée, in the presence of Monseigneur and Madame, who represented the parents of Madame de Meffray.

When I was appointed lady-in-waiting, Madame de Meffray was appointed to the place I had formerly occupied. She then appeared in society, and I carefully watched her; but my dear Suzette never had a fault or an act to conceal. Her life was a model one for young women. She was only seventeen, young, witty, and pretty; she was greatly admired and courted, but the breath of slander never touched her.

As I made no fixed plan when I undertook the narrative which you begged me to write, I have put down what I remember just as it happens to come into my mind, and I shall continue to write thus, although I sometimes find myself, as at present, compelled to call up the past in order to explain what is coming.

The Duc de Berry, kind-hearted, amiable, intellectual, and cultivated, was fond of art and patronised it greatly. In his early youth, like the good Henri IV., he loved a noble Corisande de Grammont, whom he greatly desired to marry. Louis XVIII. opposed it, and he was obliged to submit. All this took place in Germany. Some years later, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche came to London, and established themselves there with their children. Mademoiselle Corisande de Grammont married Lord Ulseston, afterwards Earl of Tankerville.

Having very simple tastes, the Duc de Berry led a quiet life in London, dining every day with Monsieur, frequently spending his evenings with him at the house of the Duchesse de Coigny, with other *émigrés;* he did not care much for the assemblies, where, however, he

was much sought after. His greatest pleasure was the opera, — "a rather expensive taste for a prince who is an *émigré*," he said to me one evening. He made this avowal with so much grace that I repeated it, and all my friends hastened to shower upon him tickets admitting him to their boxes. The Duc de Berry appreciated this attention, and often came to say so to us. He enjoyed it all the more since Madame —— made her *début* that year.

Monseigneur, sharing the general enthusiasm, never missed one of her appearances. From the box of the Duke of Portland, where I often went with his daughters, we enjoyed his pleasure; but not far from us we noticed a very distinguished person whom every one was looking at, but whom no one knew. She was very beautiful, but extremely pale, and well, though simply, dressed. We were greatly amused at the curiosity she seemed to inspire in our compatriots, all the more so as she seemed to be perfectly indifferent to it. A young man named La Chastre one day offered her a programme, which she refused. M. de Clermont Lodève, with more audacity, offered her a bouquet, whereupon she froze him with a glance of magnificent disdain. On this occasion we observed that Monseigneur looked grave and cold, apparently thinking it bad taste to annoy the young woman. M. de Clermont, who persisted in his attentions and his curiosity, told us at length that he had succeeded in finding out her history. "Where she lives they call her Mrs. Brown," he said. "She lives

near the Park, where she walks out every day with her child, a little boy about six or seven, upon whom she lavishes maternal cares. They say she is good, charitable, and kindly, but very reserved." We could not learn anything more from M. de Clermont, who seemed to grow mysterious all at once, and we forgot the whole matter.

This happened about the time of the wars with Russia and Spain. Several years afterwards, I learned that Madame de Montsoreau and Vicomte d'Agoult had become sponsors for a little girl, to whom they gave the name of Charlotte. Two years later, the Duchesse de Coigny became godmother to another little girl named Louise. The Duc de Berry, they said, seemed to be interested in these children. The two godmothers were discreet, and the curious public could draw but one conclusion. Society became accustomed, and so did my daughters and I, to seeing them sometimes at the houses of the Duchesse de Coigny and Madame de Montsoreau. They were taken good care of, they had a governess who taught them French, and they spoke English with their mother.

Society in all countries often occupies itself too much with what is called the gossip of the *salons*, but also it quickly forgets it again, — at least unless some incident recalls it to mind, when the past is explained and understood in a moment.

Among the festivities which took place to celebrate the King's return to Paris, that of the opera was the

first, the finest, and most brilliant, each box being brilliantly lighted; the King's box was perfectly dazzling, and also three on each side of it, in which were ladies in full court costume; I was in one of these boxes. One box alone in the second row opposite me was empty, and my attention was drawn to it for this reason. I saw a woman enter it enveloped in a lace veil which left only her face visible, — a pale, beautiful face which instantly recalled that of the silent lady of the opera in London. She remained standing, and with the light falling upon her she was very conspicuous. At the moment when the King's party entered every one rose, with their eyes fixed on the royal box. A gentleman of the King's household came forward and announced in a loud voice, "The King!"

The Duc de Berry appeared; all the Princes followed him, each one ranging himself so as to make a place for the King.

At this moment of profound silence we heard the sound of a heavy fall in the opposite box; the white lady had disappeared. The King entered; all eyes were turned towards him, and the cries of "Vive le Roi!" were unanimous. I wondered what could have happened to the lady, whom I saw carried out fainting, and who appeared no more. I saw that Monseigneur had perceived her; he said a few words to M. de Clermont, who disappeared.

The opera was "Œdipus." A very affecting part was

the well-known air where Œdipus addresses Antigone, beginning with these words, "She has lavished upon me her affection and her care." The King put out his hand to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who kissed it; and everybody shouted, "Vive le Roi! Vive la Duchesse d'Angoulême!" with an enthusiasm difficult to describe.

During the *entr'acte* between the two pieces, M. de Clermont came to pay me a call. I spoke to him of the episode of the empty box; he seemed to me rather excited; he told me in a very low tone that Mrs. Brown had arrived from London an hour before the opera began, and that Monseigneur had sent her the ticket for the box, advising her to get there as soon as possible. The Duc de Berry, having been in the island of Jersey, had not seen her for a long time, and the surprise he had prepared for her might have killed her. Mrs. Brown, having led a very retired life, was entirely ignorant of Monseigneur's exalted rank, and on learning it so suddenly, its brilliancy, far from dazzling her, only made her understand the immense gulf between herself and him, which it would be impossible for her ever to cross.

Madame, having often regretted not having been able at Palermo to accomplish herself in the various arts, wished to profit by her retirement by taking lessons. Monseigneur was very fond of music, and therefore she wished to be a musician; he had a splendid gallery of pictures, and she wished to be able to appreciate

them; he liked occupation of all kinds, and she kept herself occupied, and thus spent some very agreeable hours, having even added to her graver studies lessons in making artificial flowers, presided over by the famous Batton, who taught to ladies and to the young persons of his establishment the art of copying Nature. Her mornings passed gayly; Monseigneur often shared them, and Madame always considered this the happiest time of her life. Then she became ill, and was pronounced *enceinte.* This time all precautions were redoubled; the remembrance of the precious infant lost through imprudence still weighed on Monseigneur's mind. The affair of the watermelon was brought up; Madame maintained that this fruit could not be unwholesome for a Neapolitan; that she was sure the accident was caused entirely by a drive, followed by a long ceremonial at the inauguration of the statue of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf. Therefore drives were forbidden, and she was even obliged to walk to the dinners at the Tuileries, leaning on her husband's arm.

Monsieur and the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême often came to the Élysée to play a game of loto, which Madame thought rather dull; she asked me to begin again to give concerts in my apartments occasionally, and to have écarté, which was then just coming into fashion.

Charlotte came back from the South, and after occasioning us the greatest anxiety, a pair of very delicate

twins were born before their time. We hardly dared to hope that they would live; but they not only lived, but grew up and had children of their own, and are now very strong and well, and form the happiness of their mother, and the pride and joy of their father.

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